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TWO NEW SERIALS.

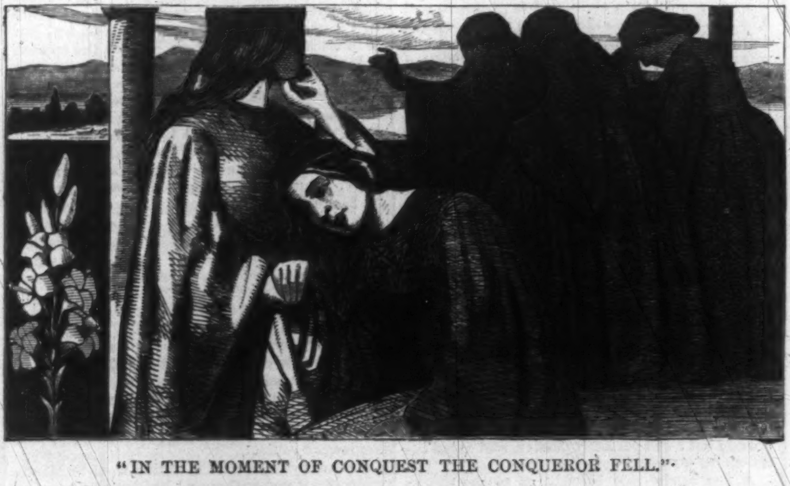
WE COMMENCE IN THIS NUMBER
THE
Uncommercial Traveler,
BY
CHARLES DICKENS,
And a new Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "THE MISTRESS OF THE PARSONAGE."

THE BRIDAL OF GALTRIM.

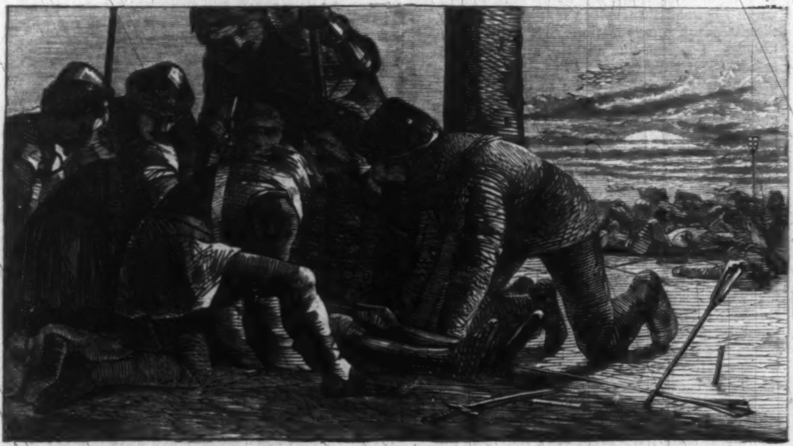
THE priest's at the altar; the bride—and the groom—
The bridemaids—and gallants, with doff'd cap and plume,
Are kneeling around till the word forth is gone
That blesses the union of two into one.
But while the devout were responding "Amen,"
The blast of a war-trumpet rang through the glen,
And each man, as he sprang to his feet, gripp'd his sword,
While the fresh-plighted hand of the bride held her lord.

"Oh, hold me not, dearest!—you would not detain?
It is honor to go—'twere disgrace to remain.
The foe's at the gate; we must drive him away:—
A joust is befitting a chief's wedding-day!"
He buckled his mail o'er his gay wedding garb;
He call'd for his lance, and he sprang on his barb,
And waved back a graceful adieu, as he cried,
"A victor I soon will be back with my bride!"

And soon *was* he back, and a victor beside—
But 'twas to his widow, and not to his bride;
For, foremost in danger the foe to repel,
In the moment of conquest the conqueror fell.
Slowly the victors return from the field,
Lamenting the knight whom they bore on his shield;
And the Lady of Galtrim, as Chronicles say,
Was maid, wife, and widow—and all in one day.



"IN THE MOMENT OF CONQUEST THE CONQUEROR FELL."



"LAMENTING THE KNIGHT WHOM THEY BORE ON HIS SHIELD."

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THE MISTRESS
OF
The Parsonage.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PART I.

IT is October.

Not October with golden mists, and mantle of soft gray upon the distant hills—not October with cool, breezy mornings, glorious noons, and sweet, half-mournful evenings—but October bleak and rainy, over which the heavy clouds brood like a pall. Within lies the corpse of the past, and the black robes of mourning throw their shadow on my heart.

I remember Octobers that are gone—dead and buried with my happiness; and they came dancing joyously, their foreheads bound with golden sheaves of grain and wreaths of gay-colored leaves, and their robes were gold and purple as the sunset. Where am I now? The third-story room of this dull city-house looks out upon other houses as dark and dull; and as I pace its narrow limits I think of Bonnivard, and the stone floor on which were imprinted the marks of his weary footsteps. I would wear the Romish penitent's dress of serge, with the galling chain beneath—but *he* taught me differently from that; no self-inflicted suffering can ever erase those blotted pages of life. And yet I have not been really *wicked*—only thoughtless, and more sinned against than sinning.

That quiet study continually haunts me, with the pale, earnest face of him who bends over his writing, while I lie idly upon the sofa, or trifle with some nondescript bit of sewing. I see the smile that ever fell upon me like the sunlight streaming through those rose-draped windows. I feel again its gentle influence; and I wake to weep, and find it but a dream.

My pen is in my hand; a waste of blank paper, procured to meet the wants of my little flock of scholars, spreads itself out before me; and I will commence the retrospection of a mis-spent life. It is a pleasant task to live over again, even in thought, those days of quiet happiness; and, perchance, it may prove a useful lesson to this poor, tempest-tossed heart thus to record my folly and waywardness.

I know not where I was born; but it must have been in the country, for I have faint, misty recollections of green fields, and apple-blossoms, and a low, spreading house, with moss-covered eaves, and a deep well, where "the old oaken bucket" used to hang, dripping with clear drops that, on a warm summer day, were more precious than diamonds.

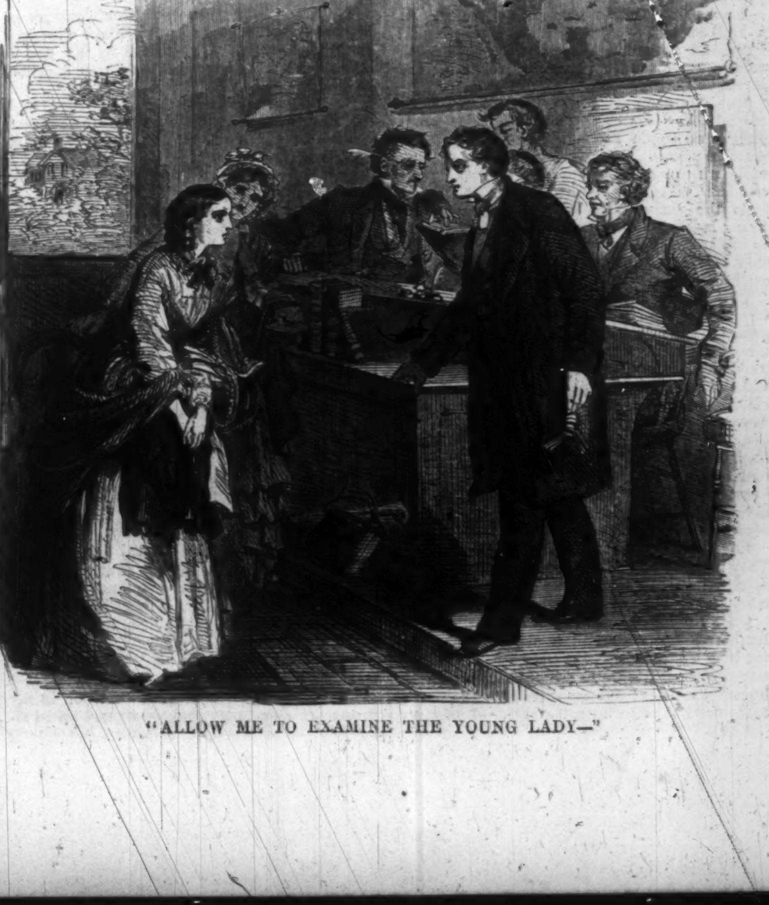
But later memories come, crowding back these pleasant thoughts; and I awake, as from a dream, in a small, dreary house, that stands in a close city street, and seems never visited by the fresh air. I stand now in that dark, narrow entrance-hall, so close and confined that, when placed there for punishment, I fancied the sides were moving to crush me.

My grandmother lived there—my father's mother—a fierce old woman, with deep, black eyes, that were set so far back in her head they looked like caverns. She was a female miser, and had a gaunt, hungry look that made me afraid she would eat me. Her pocket—an immense sack worn under her dress—was full of keys; for she kept every thing locked; and she would try to persuade me that bits of fat or lard tasted better on bread than butter. When I read of Amine and the Ghoule, in the Arabian Nights, I thought of her. Her usual dress in winter was a stuff-petticoat, and a man's coat with the tails cut off, and a thick muslin cap with deep ruffles—the hue of this cap made me wonder if it was not like the clothes of the dressed dolls in the shops, sewed on never to come off.

She had one "sole daughter of her house and heart:" I shall always hate the name of Hester. The sharpest gray eyes that were ever placed in human head, a figure especially calculated for so energetic a character, and hands and nose that had a peculiarity of always looking chilly, were the distinguishing attributes of my maiden aunt. She was not then very old, but she had the precocious sharpness of a "lone woman;" and as the ill-used maid-of-all-work said of her, "that she was booked for an old maid was written in her face."

I have, even now, a disagreeable sensation of Hester's fingers, as they closed over and sunk into my plump little arms, while administering correction for some childish mischief; and I remember that they were cold and hard. Had I suffered the same amount in any other way I should not have cared so much, but I disliked to have her touch me.

Both mother and daughter were animated by a determined spirit of saving; and in consequence of this disposition we were short of clothes, short of provisions, and short of all the comforts of life. I used to think that I must have been born in a black velvet bonnet and blue merino cloak, in which the mark left by the letting down of a tuck was distinctly visible—for I never had any other.



"ALLOW ME TO EXAMINE THE YOUNG LADY—"

The house was old, and oddly contrived. From the front door you walked down the hall for some distance, and then turned quite unexpectedly into a small parlor, where the first object that would probably arrest a stranger's attention was a huge shell comb on the mantle-piece. For the fitness of things my grandmother cared not; the comb had cost money—had been admired as a head ornament—and there was, therefore, no reason why it should not now do duty as a piece of parlor furniture.

A common ingrain carpet, maple chairs, a sofa hard-hearted as its owners, and green blinds to the windows, completed the furnishing of the apartment. The parlor was bleak, cold, and discouraging; and yet they kept it locked as though it contained valuables. When a little thing, I made superhuman exertions to get a view of it through the keyhole; but the first time that I found the door really open put an end to my interest.

Then you crossed a second strip of entry to the sitting-room—a small apartment that looked upon a yard containing a large peach-tree. In summer this peach-tree always bore an abundant crop of green worms; but in the early autumn large, luscious-looking peaches were carefully laid in a small basket, with which Hester traveled mysteriously forth, and when she returned the basket was in the same condition as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. A looking-glass, with gilt cherries around the frame, is the principal article of sitting-room furniture that I can remember.

A door opened from this apartment into a closet that contained a cot bedstead. Here my grandmother, Aunt Hester, and myself slept; and I, at least, found it rather crowded quarters. There were rafters overhead that were white-washed; and at the foot of the bed hung bunches of onions and red peppers. I used to go to sleep there and dream of being smothered, and wake to find myself alone, and Hester watching the blue flame that curled slowly upward from the newly-kindled fire in the sitting-room. At this hour of the day she was always arrayed in a calico morning-gown that had a belt made only of the lining—a calico belt she pinned on afterward. My aunt's appearance was discouragingly cold—the room looked any thing but comfortable—and I dreaded the summons to get up. But it always came before I was ready for it; and when dressed, I descended, half-frozen, to the kitchen. Here a repast of rye-coffee, or black tea, and stale bread was soon dispatched; and then began my daily duties, which consisted, in those early days, of running up and down stairs, going of errands, holding skeins of silk and thread, ripping up old things, peeling apples, washing dishes, and doing any thing which the size of my hands would admit.

When I was first taken there I was a little, dimpled, curly-headed thing, who could but just speak plainly. I was brought there by my father after my mother's death; but he, too, died, and they were the only relations I had. There was no money left in their hands for my maintenance; I was a dependent orphan, and they made me feel it to the utmost.

A cheerless childhood passed on with but little to vary its dreary monotony. Nothing ever took place in that locked parlor except upon two occasions; one was a funeral, and the other a tea-drinking.

I have a faint remembrance of a sick lady, who spoke very kindly to me, and gave me sugar-plums; she was a lodger who had a room up stairs; but she died, and her coffin was brought into the parlor. I stood upon tip-toe and looked at her; her face had a yellow hue, and there were dark circles around her eyes. I cried aloud, for there was no one now who would care for me, and Hester took me out of the room and locked me up. The still figure in the coffin seemed rising up before me, and I was afraid of the darkness. I screamed, but no one came; fearful shapes seemed thronging about me, and I fell upon the floor in a paroxysm of terror.

I awoke to consciousness three weeks after. I had been very ill, and when I recovered I wandered about the house a thin, pale child, with a grief at her heart for which no one cared.

One afternoon my aunt came in with a moderate-sized pound-cake in white paper wrappings, and began cutting it into the thinnest possible pieces. My grandmother was dusting some white and gilt cups and saucers, and I wondered what it all meant. I caught a glimpse from the sitting-room of some prim-looking young ladies and heavy men in the parlor; but before long I was consigned to the companionship of the red peppers and onions, and fell asleep with the hum of voices in my ear.

This is the only time that I can remember any visitors; no one ever came to the house except "the minister," who talked through his nose and drank a great many cups of tea. I never felt disposed to accept his repeated invitations to sit on his lap, and Aunt Hester considered me a hardened sinner. They were professors of religion, but *professors* only. I read the Bible, and the tracts, and the religious books that were abundantly scattered around, and felt a sweet meekness growing up in my heart that made me conduct myself toward them, I think I may say *always*, with gentleness and a forgiving spirit.

But I met with no return for my forbearance. They took my submission as a natural right, and apparently considered me nothing more than a machine for working and saving.

Once I rebelled. Mince-pie was my particular horror and aversion: it always seemed to me such a dark field for mystery—such a detection-proof opportunity for the smuggling in of unlawful articles; and *my grandmother's* mince-pie—oh! I shudder to think of it. I had refused it at dinner-time; after dinner Aunt Hester came bringing a piece on a plate. "It was ridiculous," she said, "to humor a child's whims. I *should* eat it." I begged and entreated, but it was of no use; a portion of the detestable compound was forced into my mouth, and I felt myself growing deadly sick. In a few moments I had spoiled Aunt Hester's dress and the carpet, and she found, when too late, that I was in earnest.

My aunt taught school, and I was taken there, both to learn and to assist her. At a very early age I assumed the office of teacher, and seemed likely to continue on in the same dull round forever. I grew up short and slight, with long brown ringlets that had a marvelous escape from the shears, and eyes that seemed meant for no other purpose than to correct compositions and puzzle over sums. Sometimes Aunt Hester took me out for a walk; and, leaving the dreary region in which she resided, she would go to some broad, open street, where I saw handsome, beautifully-dressed ladies, and pleasant-looking gentlemen. They always turned around to stare at me; but when I asked Aunt Hester the reason, she seemed angry and turned it off. And I went back to my *home* as to a prison, and pondered over the beauty and brightness I had seen.

I had grown from childhood to girlhood, and I looked forward into the future, which seemed a dreary blank, like the season I had passed, and wondered what fresh pages were there written upon my book of life.

But even from that dull home I was to be cast forth; they became anxious to do something with me—to dispose of me in some way; and Hester was constantly writing on slips of paper: "A young lady wishes a situation as teacher," etc., which she pasted up on trees in public places to save the expense of advertising.

My nineteenth birthday had passed as unnoticed as the other birthdays that preceded it, and on a lovely June morning I was taken by my aunt to answer an advertisement which her notice had called forth.

The situation in question was a country-school; and with sundry injunctions from Aunt Hester not to disgrace myself and her, we went to the cars and began our journey. Had Hester taken me to the woods for the express purpose of leaving me there to perish, as in those stories that frighten children, I should not have been surprised; but I was perfectly passive, and cared little where we went.

A few hours' ride brought us to the place; and then indeed did my heart sink within me when I beheld the trustees seated in a row, conning over puzzling questions to bewilder the candidate. I looked like a child, and when placed before them they seemed to regard me as a sort of plaything that had come to trifle with their dignity. But my aunt pronounced my age and qualifications in a loud tone, and I felt the warm color burning in my face. I hesitated—I stumbled, even at familiar questions—and Hester's sharp eye darted whole volumes of reproof.

I trembled so that I could scarcely stand, and the whole scene was becoming dark around me, when a pale, quiet-looking man rose from his seat with a certain air of command, and regarded me with a pair of kind, sympathizing eyes that seemed to restore my confidence. The place was a sort of open building, and the clear, summer breeze came in, oh! so different from the city. For the first time in many years I heard the warbling of birds, and my long curls were waving in the pure air that cooled my throbbing brow.

But I was better now; and I looked at the stranger as one Heaven-sent to my relief. He was about forty; his long, dark hair was sprinkled with gray, and his shoulders had a slight stoop, like those of a person given to study. I knew that he was a clergyman by his white cravat, and the respect of those around him; and, oh! how I did hope that his religion was different from that of those with whom I had mingled!

When he spoke there was a tremulousness in his tone, as though he sympathized with my embarrassment; and, reassured by his gentle manner, I readily answered the simple question he asked.

"Allow *me* to examine the young lady," said he, waving off the thick-set men, who seemed animated with the feelings of those who go to witness bull-fights.

I could not speak loud before so many people, and he came closer to catch my low tones. I fancied that the others looked incredulous; but he pronounced himself satisfied, and the situation was mine. I heard the others call him "Mr. Winneslie," and soon he came up and spoke to Aunt Hester. The sweet smile with which his eyes fell upon me brought a feeling of peace and safety.

"Where is this young lady to reside during the school term?" said he, with a self-constituted guardianship.

"I don't know," replied my aunt, ungraciously; "I s'pose we must pay her board somewhere."

My head drooped, and I dared not look at Mr. Winneslie.

"Suppose," he continued, in a pleasant tone, "that, if nothing better offers, she should take up her residence with *me?* My sister will be happy to receive her."

I turned aside, both to conceal the tears that rose at this kindness from a stranger, and to avoid hearing my aunt's coarse tones as she arranged "terms" with Mr. Winneslie.

Hester bade me a cold adieu, and I was left to my new guardian.

"You are young," said he, "to be sent forth upon the world."

I made no reply—a choking sensation in my throat prevented me; and we walked on in silence until we approached the parsonage. How pleasant and peaceful it looked, with its low roof and draperies of running roses that were now in full bloom! I entered the porch as a haven of rest, and Mr. Winneslie led me into the pleasant parlor and introduced his sister.

Dear, good Arethusa! she was an extensive specimen of womanhood, with white eyes and hair—the hair being dressed in a high and peculiar fashion, with love-locks at the side. She was not much younger than her brother, and welcomed the stranger with a motherly kindness that won my heart. Her stock in trade of conversation was an "Is it possible!" uttered in a variety of tones, and she was in a state of perpetual surprise. But I loved her from the first—she was so kindly considerate.

Before long I felt perfectly at home, and I would pace my airy room in childish delight at its length and breadth. Now began light, and life, and freedom. I was in a new existence; and the past was but the chrysalis from which the butterfly emerges.

That country tea-table, how pleasant it was! The room cool and shaded, while through the open windows came the breath of roses on the evening breeze; the table pure and inviting, and smiling faces around it—things to which I had been unaccustomed for many a day. On the first floor were the parlor, dining-room, and Mr. Winneslie's study and bedroom; on the second, a large airy apartment consigned to my use, Arethusa's room, and others that were not used.

Mr. Winneslie took me to the school and introduced me to my scholars, whom I found not a set of cherubs, ready to go into ecstasies at sight of their new teacher, but a community of wild urchins who could only be restrained with difficulty. But my trials in this line were lightened by kindness at home; and I tripped to school like the veriest child among them, and returned perhaps more sober, but not less happy; for that kind friend was beside me whose smile made constant sunshine in my path. Why they became so kindly interested in my welfare I did not stop to ask; I took the affection that encompassed me on all sides as we take the blue sky and the flowers, and thought it not more strange than the gifts of our Heavenly Father.

Mr. Winneslie had a horse and a small carriage; and every pleasant evening we drove about the country until the bright stars crept out in the sky, and the moonbeams shone on our homeward route.

I scarcely knew myself until I went to Meadowbank; it was as though I had been in a trance all those past years, and suddenly awoke to find life beautiful. I was like a child with my new friends; their kind, anticipating care rendered me perfectly helpless; and in my wild exuberance of spirits I perpetrated a thousand mischievous pranks that called forth smiles and laughing reproofs. Now I was driving, and guiding the horse toward some steep bank, to the loudly-expressed fear of Arethusa; now I had caught the reins from Mr. Winneslie, just as some grave church-warden approached and saluted his rector in quiet wonderment; now I had run into the woods, and frightened them both by calling from the top of a tree.

There were quieter moments than these, when I sat in Mr. Winneslie's study, and read aloud to him from books which he selected with a kind view to my improvement; and I loved those sunny hours when we dragged to light old stores of learning, and left kind, housewifely Arethusa compounding a more substantial meal in the kitchen. She tried to initiate me into these mysteries, but my hands ached terribly; and she said, with a loving smile, that they were too small to be of any use. I looked at them in surprise; no one had ever told me so before; but in my former home my grandmother always attended to the housekeeping department, and left Hester and me to sew and teach school. Hence my ignorance; which was not owing, as Arethusa seemed to suppose, to the smallness of my hands.

Mr. Winneslie would smile, and place his substantial hand beside mine, and call me "Fairy." They were making me vain; but, oh! the feeling was so new and pleasant! I never used to think of my looks before; but now I found that long brown ringlets were prettier than flax-colored or gray hair; that *some* eyes were like large violets; and they wondered if I had stolen my cheeks from the peaches. It is not vanity that makes me write this *now;* for, ah! they are numbered with the things that have been.

Arethusa loved to overlook my wardrobe (not much trouble *that*), and select my most becoming things; while her skillful fingers "made auld clothes look amaist as weel as new." My school kept me pretty well employed; but Arethusa always found time for every thing, and mended my clothes as naturally as she sewed buttons on her brother's shirts. In the evening we sat around the pleasant table; the sister with her sewing, Mr. Winneslie with a book—and I also reading, or idly teasing them both.

But oftener we two strolled out into the moonlight; while Arethusa, who did not understand moonbeams and "such romantic nonsense," sat within at work, or waited in the door-way for our return. Sometimes we wandered to the lake that was not far from the house, and looking down into the clear water Mr. Winneslie preached beautiful sermons, that were like the wild-flowers one gathers by the wayside. And in the temple not made with hands that encompassed us on all sides I stood motionless, my soul freighted with a deep feeling of awe, and lifting itself from earthly things far beyond the blue canopy that overshadowed us.

We strolled on past cottages and country-seats, and looked in upon rooms flooded with a soft light, and upon the occupants as they flitted to and fro, or gathered in the windows, or around the tables. We looked in other people's windows, and imagined their histories, and planned incidents and *dénouements* that had very little foundation.

I rattled on in this wild manner, and Mr. Winneslie would listen with a smile, or remark with a sigh, that "I was young yet." Was it a "heritage of woe," this youth, that he always sighed? Or was he thinking of his own spring that had deepened into autumn? I knew afterward why it was.

Arethusa's smile welcomed our return; and then came those beautiful readings from the Bible, when Mr. Winneslie's voice seemed to me like that of one inspired—then prayers—a kind "good-night" from my friend—Arethusa's kiss—and then to bed.

I would place my lamp on the mantle, and gaze at the snowy counterpane, white curtains, and vase of flowers placed there by affectionate hands—at the moonlight that quivered amidst the foliage—the roses that crept to my window—and offer up a silent prayer of happiness. The dawn found me rifling the fields and hedges for wild flowers to scatter about the study; and sometimes I even dared to pelt the Rector himself with these floral missives.

I never knew what Sunday meant until I went to Meadowbrook. The sound of the soft church bells, wafted across the fields by the summer breeze, was like a strain of music; and having donned my simple straw-bonnet, from which the long curls escaped not *quite* accidentally, I took my seat beside Arethusa, while Mr. Winneslie, in his black gloves and white cravat, drove us slowly to church.

A half-concealed pride diffused itself through my heart as I walked up the aisle with "the Rector," for Mr. Winneslie was much beloved by his parishioners; and I took my seat with the consciousness that many eyes were bent upon me. But I cared not for the country youths—my attention was fixed upon the pulpit; but I should as soon have "fallen in love" with St. Paul as Mr. Winneslie.

That simple country church, how it rises up before me! It was pure and fresh in all the beauty of white walls and green blinds, for the congregation had that spring accomplished the often-broached project of painting it throughout; and through the open windows came glimpses of green fields, and waving foliage, and blue water. They were unpretending-looking people, those inhabitants of Meadowbrook, and wore bonnets that must have come to them from a former generation; but, oh! the faces beneath them were pleasant to look upon, and glowed with spontaneous hospitality to strangers. I looked from the rough farmers, stiff in their coats of Sunday best, to Mr. Winneslie, and his face reminded me of St. John; and as I sat trembling beneath the eloquence showered from the pulpit, I felt as though I could never dare to trifle with him again.

And now Memory, sweet magician!
  Waves her silver wand for me;
Vanish all the dreary Present,
  Once again my soul is free!

Village spires are faintly gleaming—
  Village bells are on the air;
Heavy with the summer fragrance,
  June's sweet breath is melting there.

As in days of yore, I'm seated
  In the old beloved pew;
Village church, so sweet and simple,
  Still my heart will turn to you.

Hark! the sweetly-chaunted numbers
  Issue through the open doors,
And rise, like spirits winged for heaven,
  As the tide of music pours.

Now a deep-toned voice upraises
  To the skies its load of prayer,
Each breathed word an intonation,
  Finding echo every where.

Oh! the tear-drops will come stealing
  That I struggle to repress;
Though the scene breathes summer stillness,
  Sobs are rising none the less.

Ever still my soul is sighing,
  With its burden of unrest,
For those days of sweet communion
  When I gathered with the blest.

Once again that voice is breathing
  Forth its sweet and solemn lays—
Once again the sound is rising
  Heavenward of tuneful praise.

But, alas! 'tis only dreaming,
  And I wake to dream again—
Grasping still my perished treasures,
  Source of mingled joy and pain.

Ever still that face will haunt me—
  Day and night it seems a guard;
I am yet a pilgrim wandering—
  He is traveling heavenward.

I stood twisting my long curls before the glass in the study. I thought that I was alone; and I studied my face as I would a new picture that interested me.

"Fairy," said a gentle voice behind me, "you are very beautiful."

I had suspected as much before; but my cheeks now looked still more like the peaches that grew beneath the window. Mr. Winneslie turned me gently around, and looked gravely and earnestly upon my downcast face.

"It is a great gift, this beauty," said he. "Oh! how it should soften the heart toward those who are not thus gifted—toward the deformed, the old, the suffering!"

I slipped down stairs to Arethusa; and when Mr. Winneslie next saw me I was braiding up the locks which it was her highest enjoyment to have me arrange; and I saw by his smile that the cloud on his heart had passed away.

So glided on the days to autumn, peacefully as a calm river; and I would that they had all glided on thus to the ocean of eternity. The clear October wind came rushing through the trees; leaves of crimson and gold were lying on the Parsonage walks; and "the fields were ripe for the harvest."

Mr. Winneslie would sit, with bowed head, listening to the autumn wind as it wailed the dirge of summer; and melancholy foreboding crept into his heart, and checked the smile upon his lips.

"It is always so," said Arethusa, in answer to my questioning; "as often as the autumn comes round he locks himself in his study for days together. He wants cheering; but I scarcely know what to say to him."

"May I come in?" said I, as I knocked softly at the door of the study.

"This room is always open to *you*, Fairy," was the kind reply, as Mr. Winneslie raised a sorrow-stricken face from the desk on which he had been leaning.

"But what is the matter?" he continued, as he noticed my eyes.

They were full of tears; for I held in my hand a letter from Hester, and she said that I must return, a more lucrative situation had been found for me. It was worded coarsely, even for her; and I sank down on the sofa and sobbed aloud.

"Ernestine," said Mr. Winneslie, as he seated himself beside me and took my hand, "do you then so very much regret leaving us?"

"They can not *make* me go!" I replied, passionately. "I will *never* return to them!"

"There is *one* way," said Mr. Winneslie, "by which you could remain with us always; would you accept it, Ernestine?"

I looked into the deep, loving eyes that were bent upon me, and knew that he was asking me to become his wife. My heart throbbed quickly at his unexpected words; but I was not worthy—I *dared* not. He was too good, too noble and elevated for a foolish girl like me; but he would let me say no more; and I was only conscious that his arm was around me, and I was sobbing convulsively, with my head resting on his shoulder.

"This will not do, Fairy," said he, with his kind smile; "you must cheer *me*, now, instead of crying yourself; for remember that you have promised to marry an old man, who will be always sighing and complaining."

I smiled back through my tears, but I feared not; my ship was safely moored in a firm harbor.

"Bear with him, dearest," said Arethusa, as she kissed me again and again in the overflowing gladness of her heart. "He has troubles that none but a wife can relieve; may you indeed prove a helpmate to Arthur!"

I smiled as I laid my head upon my pillow. These notions were very proper for a woman of Arethusa's age; but a giddy girl of nineteen was far from considering so deeply. Had *I* written my part of the marriage service, it would, doubtless, have run thus: "I, Ernestine, take thee, Arthur, to be my wedded husband, to receive from you all the favors that you choose to bestow, all the love that you can conveniently spare, to be considered by you as the idol to whose wishes all other wills must bow, and promise in return—*to be satisfied*." Who could expect more?

I received from the place I had called *home* a letter that was in fact a certificate of dismissal; in which Hester entirely washed her hands of me, and could scarcely conceal her joy at the pleasing performance. In answer to my invitation she said that "she had no time for such nonsense as weddings."

It wounded me at first; but Mr. Winneslie came to look for me, and I forgot all but that I was to be a clergyman's wife.

We were married. A white-haired clergyman from a neighboring town performed the ceremony; and I stood leaning on Mr. Winneslie's arm, and received the congratulations of those around.

My sister-in-law had achieved a triumph of the needle in my white muslin dress; and the long brown curls were suffered to float beneath the bridal vail. Arthur had twisted those curls around his finger; they were precious in *his* sight, and I would not have them put back.

So Arethusa brushed and arranged them with a sigh, as she thought of the childish-looking bride I would make; and even the clergyman seemed surprised when his eye first rested on me. But Mr. Winneslie was satisfied; his responses came from a heart trembling beneath its weight of happiness, and I feared nothing as I looked forward into the future.

The guests were heavy-looking men, thrifty wives, and young women who were so stiff and exact that the discipline of dress seemed painful to them. They were an odd assemblage who filled the parlor of the Parsonage on my wedding-day; but Arethusa passed among them as mistress of ceremonies with the manner of one who was quite satisfied with her guests.

The carriage was at the door; my traveling-dress was ready; and in a few moments I was whirled off for my first peep at the world under the guidance of my new guardian.

How, child as I was, it appeared to me like an ever-brilliant panorama, and how Mr. Winneslie lived over again his own youth in my enthusiasm, are still fresh in my memory.

A REGRET.

I walk with memory through the blooms
  Spring's tender fingers spread;
The lark amid the faint perfumes
  Sings gayly overhead.
With joyful sounds the woodlands ring;
  The wild brook flashes on;
The honey-bee is on the wing—
  But she is dead and gone!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 18, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL BY DICKENS.

We publish in this number the first of "a series of occasional journeys" by "an uncommercial traveler," said traveler being Charles Dickens, Esq., and the journeys being actual tours and trips made by him in search of the picturesque, the interesting, and the unknown. The first journey, of which we publish the report herewith, was to the scene of the wreck of the *Royal Charter*. It is in Dickens's most powerful manner.

It was by sketches of real life—reports, in fact—that Dickens first won his fame. We have no doubt that this new series will sustain the reputation he has won as a novelist; each journey will, in fact, be a tale complete in itself.

We have purchased from Mr. Dickens the right of publishing these journeys in advance of their appearance in this country.

SOMETHING FOR THE LEGISLATURE TO DO.

It may seem childish to suggest useful subjects for legislation to the members of the Legislature of New York, as every one sees that that body is engrossed in corrupt schemes for the establishment of new railroad lines, and for the plunder of the railroad companies which are now in existence.

Still, as there are, doubtless, among the members of the Senate and Assembly a few individuals who are conscious of their duties, and who do not consider dishonest gain the whole purpose of their legislative career, we venture to suggest that the recent catastrophes in tenement houses and manufacturing establishments in this and other cities within the State call loudly for legislative interference.

The accident in Elm Street—which we described in our last number, and by which a score of persons lost their lives—points to the necessity for adopting a law by which the owners of tenement houses shall be bound to provide their inmates with suitable means of escape in case of fire. Various schemes have been proposed: quite a number of fire-escapes have been suggested. We do not intend to try to discriminate among them. It is clear that some remedy should be adopted; the most practical plan would be that the Legislature should create inspectors of tenement buildings, and leave to them the responsibility of deciding what is, and what is not, an adequate safeguard against fire.

In like manner, inspectors of steam-boilers should be appointed, whose duty it should be to examine all boilers in use in large cities; and no one should be allowed to use a boiler until its safety had been certified by those inspectors. We have no doubt but a large majority of the steam-boilers at present in use in the city are unsafe: the iron being, in most cases, entirely unsuited for the intended purpose.

Many lives will be saved if the Legislature passes the requisite laws on these subjects. We will only add that, as the Mayor of New York seems a good deal occupied with party political affairs, he may not have time to attend to such matters, and the appointment of the inspectors had better be left to the Governor.

THE NEW ERA IN FRANCE.

We published in our last number the points of the recent manifesto of the Emperor of the French on the subject of free trade, in which Napoleon III. announced his intention of using all his power and all the means of the French Government to develop agriculture and industry throughout his empire, and to abolish the old-fashioned restrictions which, in the guise of protection, have so long hampered the progress of enterprise among the French. It may safely be said that, momentous and astounding as many of Napoleon's former measures have been, this is the greatest wonder and the greatest triumph of them all.

Hitherto many British manufactures have been wholly excluded from France. British cutlery and many descriptions of British textile wares have been contraband. On the other hand, all kinds of raw materials—cotton, wool, sugar, coal, and iron—have paid enormous, and in some cases almost prohibitive, duties. The consequence has been—first, high prices for all articles of consumption which were either "protected" by the tariff or which were made from commodities heavily taxed at their admission into the country; and, secondly, a stagnant and often a retrogressive state of industry, consequent upon the want of competition.

With the marvelous sagacity which has marked every step in the career of the Emperor of the French, Napoleon is now going to lay the axe to the root of these evils. He is going to admit British manufactures into France on payment of a moderate duty. And he proposes to admit, free of duty, all such articles as cotton, wool, and sugar, which enter into manufactures. Thus the French manufacturers, if they wish to retain their home markets, will need to bestir themselves; to avail themselves of all the resources of modern science; to work well and cheaply, and to sell cheaply. They will be enabled to purchase their raw materials at a lower rate than usual; but for the rest they will have to trust to themselves.

The inevitable result of these measures will be a large increase of commercial and industrial activity in France. No unbiased person can carefully study the result of the free trade system in England without coming to the conclusion that free trade is the surest system for a country which seeks manufacturing and commercial development. Protection blights the very interests it is expected to serve; free trade fosters every interest. For, in plain words, free trade throws the burdens of state upon stagnant and unproductive property, while protection imposes upon traffic and enterprise the burden of supporting the whole body politic.

Under the new French system we expect to see France rise to a new and unexampled pitch of prosperity. England already proposes to reciprocate, by abolishing the present duties on French wines and silks. We should be large gainers by the abolition of the present duties on cotton; and when this promised boon is granted it would be wise and politic for us to follow the French example, by removing some of the burdens which now impede our import trade from France.

THE LOUNGER.

PUDDLE-PHILOSOPHY.

The conceit of experience is one of the commonest forms of conceit, because every body supposes his own tooth aches more than any body's else ever did or could. A man who has had constant twinges in his gums feels a kind of scornful superiority of the man who has not. His conviction is that nobody has had any experience worth having until he has had the toothache. That is, we all try other people by the test of our own experience. "You've always had such a jolly easy time of it; it's good for you to have a little suffering," somebody remarks, with ludicrous conceit, to his neighbor.

"Bless your soul," cries neighbor, "do you call this suffering? Why this is only a smart toothache. I can go to sleep on this. Wait till you've had inflammatory rheumatism keeping you motionless in bed for eighteen months. Wait till you've had your foot mortify and then cut off. Wait till you've felt a cancer in your breast, of which I am dying, and then talk to me of a 'little suffering.'"

For what do we know of each other's experience? A man buries his mother, and we all think that he now begins to know something about the stern realities of life. Why! the man has been heart-broken all his life for reasons of which we all know nothing; and he has been so much our master that we never knew any thing was the matter. And the man loses a fortune, and we all fall to and talk about discipline and trial and the rest of it. We pull a long face of sympathy and hope dismally that he may be taught by trial. Yes, and he is taught by trial. Taught so well by trials which were real and vital that he doesn't especially care about this purely external circumstance. Taught indeed by trials of which outsiders know nothing.

Why, then, should we magnify the toothache because that is our particular form of trial? Some men are robust and painless all their lives, live luxuriously, sleep soundly, lie soft in whatever money can buy or skill prepare; you and I look on, and think that he only needs a round of good solid twinges in the gums to make him all right. Suppose now that we look into the core of the fruit and see that there is no worm there, before we think it a pity that such a blooming perfection should not have had a few bumps and bruises.

If, as the constant conceit of experience implies, trial is necessary to the strengthening and development of character, we may be very sure that nobody escapes. But the trial is as the person. Something stirs and moulds your whole life which is nothing to another man; as a gust blows a puddle in one leap entirely out of its bed, that does not even ripple the neighboring sea. "Godfrey!" cries the Puddle, "that's what I call wind!" The Puddle is perfectly right. It is wind for a puddle. But then Puddle-philosophy is no rule for the ocean.

Nobody knows when the real trials of another man's life come to him. In fact they are only suspected sometimes by the greater cheerfulness and hilarity, by the apparent absence of all trial. Sister Angela in the convent wore a garment next her skin which was lined with the points of pins turned inward and always pricking the flesh. Outwardly she wore clean linen on her person and sweet smiles upon her face. The other sisters knew when she had added new points and increased the torture only by the greater calmness and sweetness of her smiling. One day the youngest of all the sisters who had just come and knew nothing of the rate of fire, said to her;

"Dear Angela, how happy you are! Are you not afraid of such unmixed enjoyment? Ah, dear, if you could only have a turn of toothache it would do you so much good!"

Angela smiled, and, going to her cell, added a hundred pins. But when she came in to vespers the youngest of the sisters looked at her, transfigured by holy smiles, and said to herself: "Poor dear Angela! if she could only have some trials!"

You will find the instance in any neighboring volume of the Domestic Saints.

LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

Somebody in the Legislature proposes to meddle with the management of the Central Park. Before any action is taken it is greatly to be wished that the whole body of law-makers would visit the Park and see what it is, and what it is going to be, and should understand that the present impressive results have been achieved by a management which profoundly understands the character of the work, and which has accomplished its ends with an impartiality and satisfaction to every body concerned entirely unparalleled in the history of our public works.

Of course the real object of any interference whatsoever is a political object. The pretense may be economy; the intention is to construct partisan machinery. Now the Central Park is quite beyond the realm of politics. It chanced, indeed, to be organized under the auspices of one of the great parties, but that was only chance. If it had been administered for the exclusive political advantage of that party, the other might justly claim a share in the spoils and endeavor by every means to obtain the control. But it is not so. The architect in chief has been scrupulously careful to banish politics altogether; and as he is an honest man he has not, under this plea, only the more skillfully promoted partisan objects. He has pushed the work forward as if there were but one party in the country, and that one anxious to complete at the earliest moment a magnificent public enterprise worthy the city of which it is the chief ornament, and of the country whose generous spirit it represents.

Had the chance fallen to the other party, and the work been done in the same way, there is not a man any where, who is competent to speak to the point, who would not have desired to leave it entirely in the hands of the architect appointed by that party. Of course nobody supposes that there are not gentlemen enough in the other party than that which is represented by the majority of the Commission to fill the place of Commissioner with the utmost ability; but when a change is projected which inevitably involves collateral injury to the work itself, why not abstain? why not let well-enough, or rather as-good-as-possible, alone?

The Central Park is undoubtedly an expensive work. Did the city of New York suppose it was to have a park worthy to take rank, directly upon its completion, with the finest parks in the world without paying well for it? And being well under way, does the city desire to have that work suspended or thwarted by politicians anxious to line their own nests? As we said long ago, it is a miracle that so honest a work should have been so honestly done in days of such civic corruption. Let it, then, proceed as begun, and stand as a monument of the truth that the people were better than their government.

TRAPS.

All learning from experience is simply shutting the door after the horse is stolen. It is an effort to keep the cow, at least, now that the horse is gone. It always comes too late to do the whole work, but goes upon the principle that it is better to save some than lose all. Therefore the lessons of experience are the saddest and most tragical of all; and they are the sharpest spur to action. When a parent has lost a darling child from disease contracted under particular circumstances, he will be very sure to avoid those conditions in the case of his other children.

Is not the city of New York the parent of her citizens? A Niobe of stone, sometimes, rather than of flesh, if you please, but still a Niobe. What, then, does she mean to do about the loss of eighteen citizens by fire in a tenement house? Eighteen people are burned in a dwelling-house of five stories high, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, because the staircase is at once consumed, and there are no ladders or fire-escapes any where adequate to the occasion.

Undoubtedly, the fewer laws the better; but only when the few laws are sufficient. A recent proposition, gravely made in a certain State, to make the calling of names in the street a penal offense, is, of course, a ludicrous invasion of that individual liberty which it is wiser for society to indulge than to restrain. But the care of life and liberty is the first duty of society; and as the city justly takes measures to protect the pedestrian from falling into excavations in any street, so it ought to guard against the probability of such accidents as that in Elm Street.

Because the probability is that a fire in all tenement houses, as they are now constructed, would occasion the same terrible results. They are only traps, voluntarily set to catch incomes for owners, and, involuntarily, to catch the lives of the inmates; and they should be just as severely subjected to supervisory law as steamboats.

And if the city be incompetent to enact such laws, let the Legislature do it. The Legislature is in session. All kinds of bills, and notices of bills, are introduced every day, for every purpose. Who will give notice of a bill to prevent the taking of human beings in tenement traps?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—James, Kensington, Pennsylvania. The verses are hardly suitable for publication. As to continuing to write poetry, the rule is very simple. No man ever hurt himself by practicing versification in idle moments—though perhaps there are many studies more useful. But as to writing poetry for a living, no sane person should think of it. Alfred Tennyson and Longfellow would have starved if they had had no other resource than their Muse to support them.

—G. F. S. Captain Mayne Reid is a real name, and he is alive and writing, as a fresh book from his pen evinces.

—"A Sentimental Friendship," by Daisy, of Louisville, is respectfully declined.

—The obliging offer of Callienne is declined, very respectfully, from want of space.

—Marie. You may read of the Lady of Shalott in the old Arthur romance. But the significance of the mirror you must ponder for yourself. What is the "meaning" of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner?"

HON. J. L. M. CURRY, OF ALA.

Hon. J. L. M. Curry, of Alabama, is a native of Lincoln County, Georgia, where he was born in June, 1825. His father, Colonel William Curry, a wealthy planter, removed with his family to Talladega County, Alabama, in 1838, and settled in the beautiful valley bordering on the picturesque mountain ranges known as the Hillabee country.

The Curry family are of Scotch descent—a fact remembered and appreciated by them with a pride characteristic of and peculiar to the Caledonian race.

Of his maternal ancestry nothing more need be said in this connection than that his mother was a Lamar—a name honorably and inseparably connected with the history of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas.

The subject of this brief sketch graduated at the University of his native State in 1843. When a student at college he devoted much of his time to the library and literary societies of the institution. Here, by habits of temperance which yielded to no temptation, and by an industrious zeal which knew no tiring, he laid the foundation, in solid principles and elegant attainments, of a brilliant career of usefulness which has from its commencement known nothing but success. Soon after leaving the University of Georgia he entered the law-school at Harvard University, Massachusetts, from which institution he received a diploma in 1845. On his return home he opened an office in the town of Talladega, where, for two years, he devoted himself, with abundant evidence of future success, to the practice of his profession.

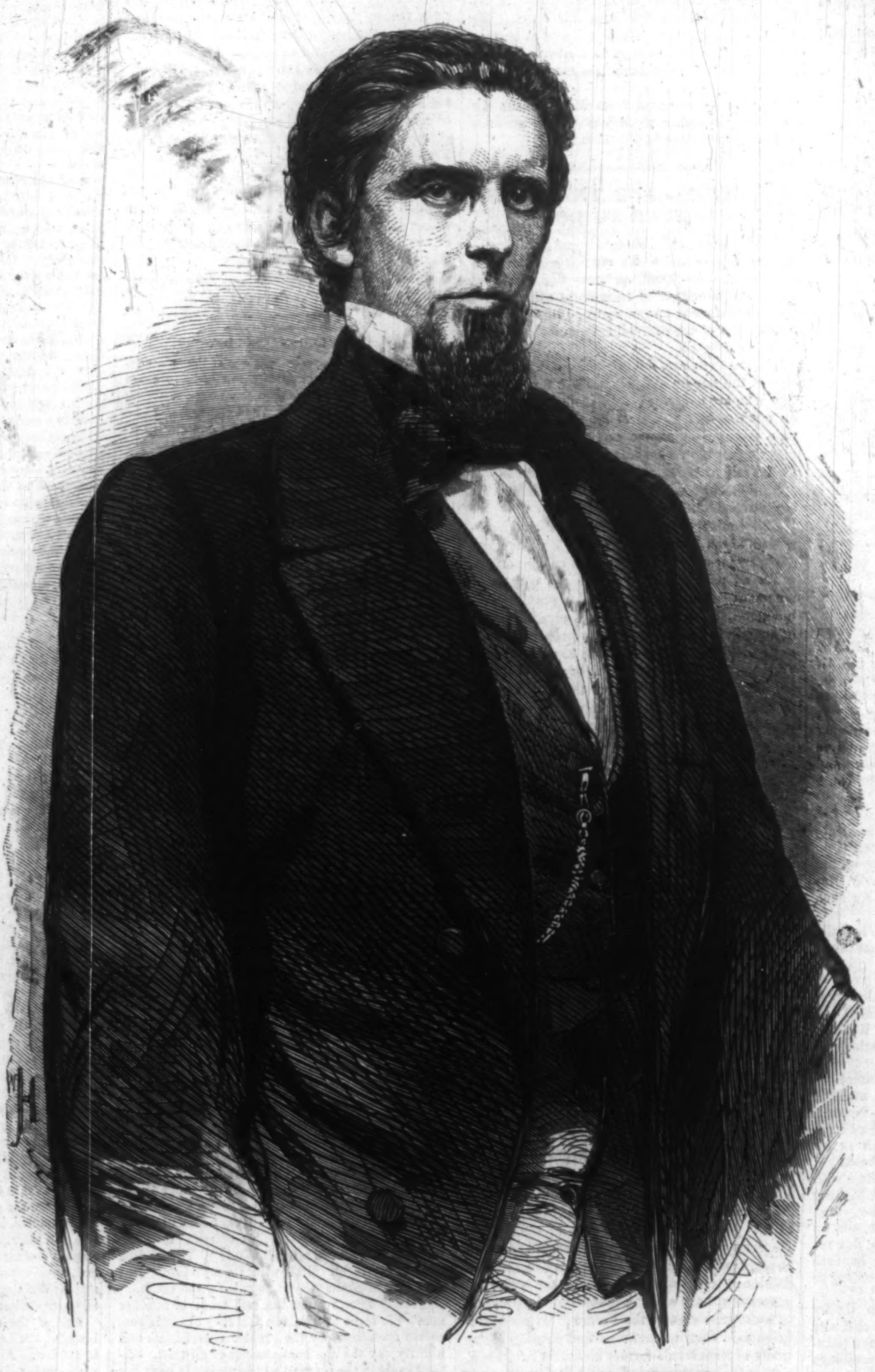
In 1846 he enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war, and served during a part of that campaign in a company of Texas Rangers. In 1847 he was married to Miss Ann, youngest daughter of Chancellor Bowie; and, bidding adieu to clients, courts, and fees, for not the less arduous but more congenial and fascinating field of politics, was, in the same year, chosen by the Democracy of Talladega County a member of the State Legislature—a position to which he was re-elected in 1853 and 1855. While a member of the Legislature, although young in years, he soon distinguished himself, not only as an orator and parliamentary debater of a high order, but as a committee man ever faithful in the discharge of his duties.

The canvass of 1855, conducted by Messrs. Curry and Parsons, though limited in range, was probably not less brilliant than was the canvass of the same year in the Old Dominion. In that, as in this, the "invisible Sam" was totally routed—the "Black Knight, with his visor down," was met and conquered. In 1856 Mr. Curry was appointed by the Democratic State Convention an elector for the 7th Congressional District. In 1857 he was elected, without opposition, to represent the people of that district in the 35th national Congress; and was, again without opposition, re-elected in 1859.

On entering Congress—by force of talent, not political tact—he soon occupied a prominent position, and is now, in that unwieldy body, one of the few members who can, in addressing the Chair, command the ear of the House.

In delivery Mr. Curry's style is bold, energetic, and rapid—fluent in the use of words well-selected, chaste, and expressive. His speeches read well; but when delivered in his strong, shrill, well-cultivated voice—whether they soothe, excite, or electrify—they never fail to interest an audience.

In politics Mr. Curry is a Democrat of the Calhoun school; and without ill-feelings toward any section, he is devoted to his native South and her institutions, and to the Union administered under a *strict construction of the Constitution*. In the principles of "State Rights" he was early indoctrinated, and from them he is as immovable by outside influences as are the blue hills of the "Benighted Seventh."



HON. J. L. M. CURRY, OF ALABAMA.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

July 1st.—The confusion of their arrival has had time to subside. Two days have elapsed since the return of the travelers; and that interval has sufficed to put the new machinery of our lives at Blackwater Park in fair working order. I may now return to my journal with some little chance of being able to continue the entries in it as collectedly as usual.

I think I must begin by putting down an odd remark which has suggested itself to me since Laura came back.

When two members of a family, or two intimate friends, are separated, and one goes abroad and one remains at home, the return of the relative or friend who has been traveling always seems to place the relative or friend who has been staying at home at a painful disadvantage, when the two first meet. The sudden encounter of the new thoughts and new habits eagerly gained in the one case, with the old thoughts and old habits passively preserved in the other, seems, at first, to part the sympathies of the most loving relatives and the fondest friends, and to set a sudden strangeness, unexpected by both and uncontrollable by both, between them on either side. After the first happiness of my meeting with Laura was over, after we had sat down together, hand in hand, to recover breath enough and calmness enough to talk, I felt this strangeness instantly, and I could see that she felt it too. It has partially worn away, now that we have fallen back into most of our old habits, and it will probably disappear before long. But it has certainly had an influence over the first impressions that I have formed of her, now that we are living together again—for which reason only I have thought fit to mention it here.

She has found me unaltered; but I have found her changed.

Changed in person, and, in one respect, changed in character. I can not absolutely say that she is less beautiful than she used to be: I can only say that she is less beautiful to *me*. Others, who do not look at her with my eyes and my recollections, would probably think her improved. There is more color, and more decision and roundness of outline in her face than there used to be; and her figure seems more firmly set, and more sure and easy in all its movements than it was in her maiden days. But I miss something when I look at her—something that once belonged to the happy, innocent life of Laura Fairlie, and that I can not find in Lady Glyde. There was, in the old times, a freshness, a softness, an ever-varying and yet ever-remaining tenderness of beauty in her face, the charm of which it is not possible to express in words—or, as poor Hartright used often to say, in painting, either. This is gone. I thought I saw the faint reflection of it, for a moment, when she turned pale under the agitation of our sudden meeting, on the evening of her return; but it has never reappeared since. None of her letters had prepared me for a personal change in her. On the contrary, they had led me to expect that her marriage had left her, in appearance, at least, quite unaltered. Perhaps I read her letters wrongly, in the past, and am now reading her face wrongly, in the present? No matter! Whether her beauty has gained, or whether it has lost, in the last six months, the separation, either way, has made her own dear self more precious to me than ever—and that is one good result of her marriage, at any rate!

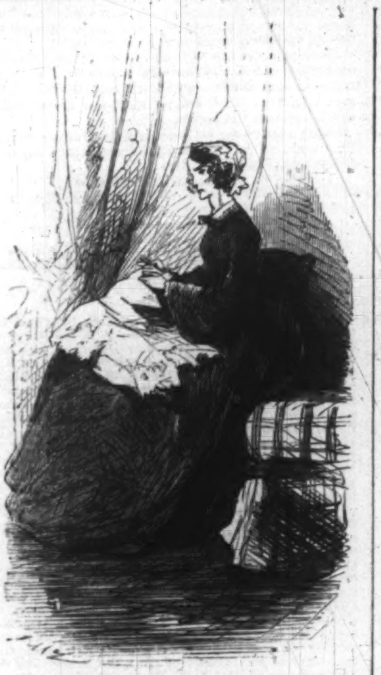
The second change, the change that I have observed in her character, has not surprised me, because I was prepared for it, in this case, by the tone of her letters. Now that she is at home again, I find her just as unwilling to enter into any details on the subject of her married life as I had previously found her all through the time of our separation, when we could only communicate with each other by writing. At the first approach I made to the forbidden topic she put her hand on my lips, with a look and gesture which touchingly, almost painfully, recalled to my memory the days of her girlhood and the happy by-gone time when there were no secrets between us.

"Whenever you and I are together, Marian," she said, "we shall both be happier and easier with one another if we accept my married life for what it is, and say and think as little about it as possible. I would tell you every thing, darling, about myself," she went on, nervously buckling and unbuckling the ribbon round my waist, "if my confidences could only end there. But they could not—they would lead me into confidences about my husband, too; and, now I am married, I think I had better avoid them, for his sake, and for your sake, and for mine. I don't say that they would distress you, or distress me—I wouldn't have you think that for the world. But—I want to be so happy, now I have got you back again; and I want you to be so happy too—" She broke off abruptly, and looked round the room, my own sitting-room, in which we were talking. "Ah!" she cried, clapping her hands with a bright smile of recognition, "another old friend found already! Your book-case, Marian—your dear-little-shabby-old-satin-wood book-case—how glad I am you brought it with you from Limmeridge! And your work-box, just as untidy as ever! And the horrid, heavy, man's umbrella that you always would walk out with when it rained! And, first and foremost of all, your own dear, dark, clever gipsy-face, looking at me just as usual! It is so like home again to be here. How can we make it more like home still? I will put my father's portrait in your room instead of in mine—and I will keep all my little treasures from Limmeridge here—and we will pass hours and hours every day with these four friendly walls round us. Oh, Marian!" she said, suddenly seating herself on a footstool at my knees, and looking up earnestly in my face, "promise you will never marry, and leave me. It is selfish to say so, but you are so much better off as a single woman—unless—unless you are very fond of your husband—but you won't be very fond of any body but me, will you?" She stopped again; crossed my hands on my lap; and laid her face on them. "Have you been writing many letters, and receiving many letters, lately?" she asked, in low, suddenly-altered tones. I understood what the question meant; but I thought it my duty not to encourage her by meeting her half-way. "Have you heard from him?" she went on, coaxing me to forgive the more direct appeal on which she now ventured, by kissing my hands, upon which her face still rested. "Is he well and happy, and getting on in his profession? Has he recovered himself—and forgotten *me?*"

She should not have asked those questions. She should have remembered her own resolution, on the morning when Sir Percival held her to her marriage engagement, and when she resigned the book of Hartright's drawings into my hands forever. But, ah me! where is the faultless human creature who can persevere in a good resolution without sometimes failing and falling back? Where is the woman who has ever really torn from her heart the image that has been once fixed in it by a true love? Books tell us that such unearthly creatures have existed—but what does our own experience say in answer to books?

I made no attempt to remonstrate with her: perhaps because I sincerely appreciated the fearless candor which let me see what other women in her position might have had reasons for concealing even from their dearest friends—perhaps because I felt, in my own heart and conscience, that, in her place, I should have asked the same questions and had the same thoughts. All I could honestly do was to reply that I had not written to him or heard from him lately, and then to turn the conversation to less dangerous topics.

There had been much to sadden me in our interview—my first confidential interview with her since her return. The change which her marriage has produced in our relations toward each other, by placing a forbidden subject between us, for the first time in our lives; the melancholy conviction of the dearth of all warmth of feeling, of all close sympathy, between her husband and herself, which her own unwilling words now force on my mind; the distressing discovery that the influence of that ill-fated attachment still remains (no matter how innocently, how harmlessly) rooted as deeply as ever in her heart—all these are disclosures to sadden any woman who loves her as dearly, and feels for her as acutely, as I do. There is only one consolation to set against them—a consolation that ought to comfort me, and that does



comfort me. All the graces and gentlenesses of her character—all the frank affection of her nature—all the sweet, simple, womanly charms which used to make her the darling and the delight of every one who approached her—have come back to me with herself. Of my other impressions I am sometimes a little inclined to doubt. Of this last, best, happiest of all impressions I grow more and more certain every hour in the day.

Let me turn now from her to her traveling companions. Her husband must engage my attention first. What have I observed in Sir Percival, since his return, to improve my opinion of him?

I can hardly say. Small vexations and annoyances seem to have beset him since he came back; and no man, under those circumstances, is ever presented at his best. He looks, as I think, thinner than he was when he left England. His wearisome cough and his comfortless restlessness have certainly increased. His manner—at least, his manner toward me—is much more abrupt than it used to be. He greeted me on the evening of his return with little or nothing of the ceremony and civility of former times—no polite speeches of welcome—no appearance of extraordinary gratification at seeing me—nothing but a short shake of the hand, and a sharp "How-d'ye-do, Miss Halcombe?—glad to see you again." He seemed to accept me as one of the necessary fixtures of Blackwater Park; to be satisfied at finding me established in my proper place; and then to pass me over altogether.

Most men show something of their dispositions in their own houses, which they have concealed elsewhere; and Sir Percival has already displayed a mania for order and regularity, which is quite a new revelation of him, so far as my previous knowledge of his character is concerned. If I take a book from the library and leave it on the table he follows me and puts it back again. If I rise from a chair and let it remain where I have been sitting he carefully restores it to its proper place against the wall. He picks up stray flower-blossoms from the carpet and mutters to himself as discontentedly as if they were hot cinders burning holes in it; and he storms at the servants if there is a crease in the tablecloth, or a knife missing from its place at the dinner-table, as fiercely as if they had personally insulted him.

I have already referred to the small annoyances which appear to have troubled him since his return. Much of the alteration for the worse which I have noticed in him may be due to these. I try to persuade myself that it is so, because I am anxious not to be disheartened already about the future. It is certainly trying to any man's temper to be met by a vexation the moment he sets foot in his own house again, after a long absence; and this annoying circumstance did really happen to Sir Percival in my presence. On the evening of their arrival the housekeeper followed me into the hall to receive her master and mistress and their guests. The instant he saw her, Sir Percival asked if any one had called lately. The housekeeper mentioned to him, in reply, what she had previously mentioned to me, the visit of the strange gentleman to make inquiries about the time of her master's return. He asked immediately for the gentleman's name. No name had been left. The gentleman's business? No business had been mentioned. What was the gentleman like? The housekeeper tried to describe him, but failed to distinguish the nameless visitor by any personal peculiarity which her master could recognize. Sir Percival frowned, stamped angrily on the floor, and walked on into the house, taking no notice of any body. Why he should have been so discomposed by a trifle I can not say—but he was seriously discomposed, beyond all doubt.

Upon the whole, it will be best, perhaps, if I abstain from forming a decisive opinion of his manners, language, and conduct in his own house, until time has enabled him to shake off the anxieties, whatever they may be, which now evidently trouble his mind in secret. I will turn over to a new page; and my pen shall let Laura's husband alone for the present.

The two guests—the Count and Countess Fosco—come next in my catalogue. I will dispose of the Countess first, so as to have done with the woman as soon as possible.

Laura was certainly not chargeable with any exaggeration in writing me word that I should hardly recognize her aunt again when we met. Never before have I beheld such a change produced in a woman by her marriage as has been produced in Madame Fosco. As Eleanor Fairlie (aged seven-and-thirty), she was always talking pretentious nonsense, and always worrying the unfortunate men with every small exaction which a vain and foolish woman can impose on long-suffering male humanity. As Madame Fosco (aged three-and-forty), she sits for hours together without saying a word, frozen up in the strangest manner in herself. The hideously ridiculous love-locks which used to hang on either side of her face are now replaced by stiff little rows of very short curls, of the sort that one sees in old-fashioned wigs. A plain matronly cap covers her head, and makes her look, for the first time in her life since I remember her, like a decent woman. Nobody (putting her husband out of the question, of course) now sees in her what every body once saw—I mean the structure of the female skeleton, in the upper regions of the collar-bones and the shoulder-blades. Clad in quiet black or gray gowns, made high round the throat—dresses that she would have laughed at, or screamed at, as the whim of the moment inclined her, in her maiden days—she sits speechless in corners; her dry white hands (so dry that the pores of her skin look chalky) incessantly engaged, either in monotonous embroidery work, or in rolling up endless little cigarettes for the Count's own particular smoking. On the few occasions when her cold blue eyes are off her work they are generally turned on her husband, with the look of mute submissive inquiry which we are all familiar with in the eyes of a faithful dog. The only approach to an inward thaw which I have yet detected under her outer covering of icy constraint has betrayed itself, once or twice, in the form of a suppressed tigerish jealousy of any woman in the house (the maids included) to whom the Count speaks, or on whom he looks, with any thing approaching to special interest or attention. Except in this one particular, she is always, morning, noon, and night, in-doors and out, fair weather or foul, as cold as a statue, and as impenetrable as the stone out of which it is cut. For the common purposes of society the extraordinary change thus produced in her is, beyond all doubt, a change for the better, seeing that it has transformed her into a civil, silent, unobtrusive woman, who is never in the way. How far she is really reformed or deteriorated in her secret self is another question. I have once or twice seen sudden changes of expression on her pinched lips, and heard sudden inflections of tone in her calm voice, which have led me to suspect that her present state of suppression may have sealed up something dangerous in her nature, which used to evaporate harmlessly in the freedom of her former life. It is quite possible that I may be altogether wrong in this idea. My own impression, however, is, that I am right. Time will show.

And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation—the foreign husband who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again—the Count himself? What of the Count?

This, in two words: He looks like a man who could tame any thing. If he had married a tigress, instead of a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. If he had married *me*, I should have made his cigarettes as his wife does—I should have held my tongue when he looked at me, as she holds hers.

I am almost afraid to confess it, even to these secret pages. The man has interested me, has attracted me, has forced me to like him. In two short days he has made his way straight into my favorable estimation—and how he has worked the miracle is more than I can tell.

It absolutely startles me, now he is in my mind, to find how plainly I see him!—how much more plainly than I see Sir Percival, or Mr. Fairlie, or Walter Hartright, or any other absent person of whom I think, with the one exception of Laura herself! I can hear his voice, as if he was speaking at this moment. I know what his conversation was yesterday as well as if I was hearing it now. How am I to describe him? There are peculiarities in his personal appearance, his habits, and his amusements which I should blame in the boldest terms, or ridicule in the most merciless manner, if I had seen them in another man. What is it that makes me unable to blame them or to ridicule them in *him?*

For example, he is immensely fat. Before this time I have always especially disliked corpulent humanity. I have always maintained that the popular notion of connecting excessive grossness of size and excessive good-humor as inseparable allies was equivalent to declaring, either that no people but amiable people ever get fat, or that the accidental addition of so many pounds of flesh has a directly favorable influence over the disposition of the person on whose body they accumulate. I have invariably combated both these absurd assertions by quoting examples of fat people who were as mean, vicious, and cruel as the leanest and the worst of their neighbors. I have asked whether Henry the Eighth was an amiable character? whether Pope Alexander the Sixth was a good man? Whether Mr. Murderer and Mrs. Murderess Manning were not both unusually stout people? Whether hired nurses, proverbially as cruel a set of women as are to be found in all England, were not, for the most part, also as fat a set of women as are to be found in all England? And so on, through dozens of other examples, modern and ancient, native and foreign, high and low. Holding these strong opinions on the subject with might and main, as I do at this moment, here, nevertheless, is Count Fosco, as fat as Henry the Eighth himself, established in my favor, at one day's notice, without let or hinderance from his own odious corpulence. Marvelous indeed!

Is it his face that has recommended him? It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the Great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity: his expression recalls the grandly calm, immovable power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance which has impressed me more. I think the influence I am now trying to find is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable gray eyes I ever saw; and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel. Other parts of his face and head have their strange peculiarities. His complexion, for instance, has a singular sallow-fairness, so much at variance with the dark-brown color of his hair that I suspect the hair of being a wig; and his face, closely shaven all over, is smoother and freer from all marks and wrinkles than mine, though (according to Sir Percival's account of him) he is close on sixty years of age. But these are not the prominent personal characteristics which distinguish him, to my mind, from all the other men I have ever seen. The marked peculiarity which singles him out from the rank and file of humanity lies entirely, so far as I can tell at present, in the extraordinary expression and extraordinary power of his eyes.

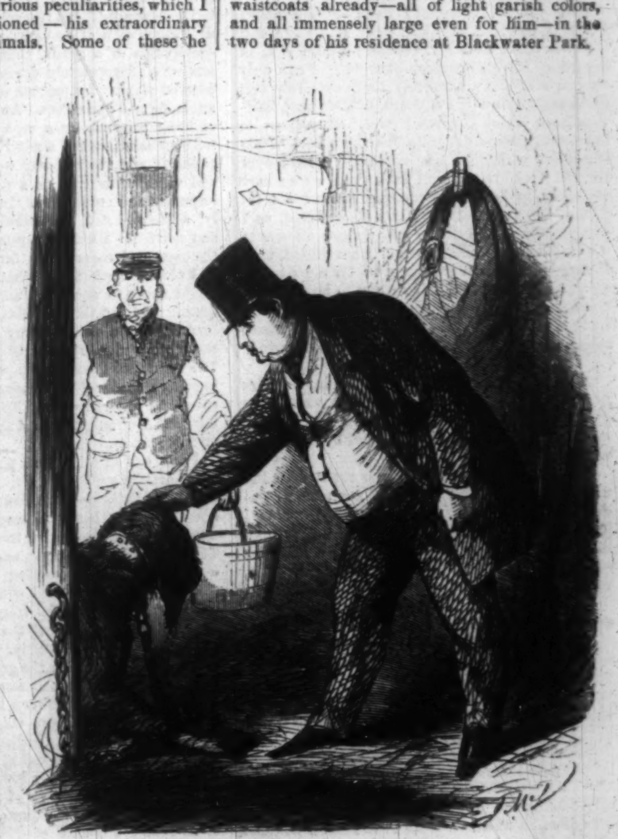
His manner, and his command of our language, may also have assisted him, in some degree, to establish himself in my good opinion. He has that quiet deference, that look of pleased, attentive interest in listening to a woman, and that secret gentleness in his voice, in speaking to a woman, which, say what we may, we can none of us resist. Here, too, his unusual command of the English language necessarily helps him. I had often heard of the extraordinary aptitude which many Italians show in mastering our strong, hard Northern speech; but, until I saw Count Fosco, I had never supposed it possible that any foreigner could have spoken English as he speaks it. There are times when it is almost impossible to detect, by his accent, that he is not a countryman of our own; and, as for fluency, there are very few born Englishmen who can talk with as few stoppages and repetitions as the Count. He may construct his sentences, more or less, in the foreign way; but I have never yet heard him use a wrong expression, or hesitate for a moment in his choice of a word.

All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is, and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a room as any of us women; and, more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at chance noises as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility by comparison with the Count.

The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals. Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary-birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favorites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him, and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird toward every one else, absolutely seems to love him. When he lets it out of its cage it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his great big body, and rubs its top-knot against his sallow double chin in the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to set the doors of the canaries' cages open, and to call to them; and the pretty little cleverly-trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his fat outstretched fingers one by one, when he tells them to "go up stairs," and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight, when they get to the top finger. His white mice live in a little pagoda of gayly-painted wire-work, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out, like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, white as snow, on his capacious shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets—smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names. If it be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologize for them in the company of grown-up people. But the Count, apparently, sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice, and twitter to his canary-birds amidst an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity them as barbarians when they were all laughing their loudest at him.

It seems hardly credible, while I am writing it down, but it is certainly true, that this same man, who has all the fondness of an old maid for his cockatoo, and all the small dexterities of an organ-boy in managing his white mice, can talk, when any thing happens to rouse him, with a daring independence of thought, a knowledge of books in every language, and an experience of society in half the capitals of Europe, which would make him the prominent personage of any assembly in the civilized world. This trainer of canary-birds, this architect of a pagoda for white mice, is (as Sir Percival himself has told me) one of the first experimental chemists living, and has discovered, among other wonderful inventions, a means of petrifying the body after death, so as to preserve it, as hard as marble, to the end of time. This fat, indolent, elderly man, whose nerves are so finely strung that he starts at chance noises, and winces when he sees a house-spaniel get a whipping, went into the stable-yard, on the morning after his arrival, and put his hand on the head of a chained blood-hound—a beast so savage that the very groom who feeds him keeps out of his reach. His wife and I were present, and I shall not soon forget the scene that followed, short as it was.

"Mind that dog, Sir," said the groom; "he flies at every body!" "He does that, my friend," replied the Count, quietly, "because every body is afraid of him. Let us see if he flies at *me*." And he laid his plump, yellow-white fingers, on which the canary-birds had been perching ten minutes before, upon the formidable brute's head; and looked him straight in the eyes. "You big dogs are all cowards," he said, addressing the animal contemptuously, with his face and the dog's within an inch of each other. "You would kill a poor cat, you infernal coward. You would fly at a starving beggar, you infernal coward. Any thing that you can surprise unawares—any thing that is afraid of your big body, and your wicked white teeth, and your slobbering, blood-thirsty mouth, is the thing you like to fly at. You could throttle me at this moment, you mean, miserable bully; and you daren't so much as look me in the face, because I'm not afraid of you. Will you think better of it, and try your teeth in my fat neck? Bah! not you!" He turned away, laughing at the astonishment of the men in the yard; and the dog crept back meekly to his kennel. "Ah! my nice waistcoat!" he said, pathetically. "I am sorry I came here. Some of that brute's slobber has got on my pretty clean waistcoat." Those words express another of his incomprehensible oddities. He is as fond of fine clothes as the veriest fool in existence; and has appeared in four magnificent waistcoats already—all of light garish colors, and all immensely large even for him—in the two days of his residence at Blackwater Park.



COUNT FOSCO AND THE DOG.

His tact and cleverness in small things are quite as noticeable as the singular inconsistencies in his character, and the childish triviality of his ordinary tastes and pursuits.

I can see already that he means to live on excellent terms with all of us during the period of his sojourn in this place. He has evidently discovered that Laura secretly dislikes him (she confessed as much to me, when I pressed her on the subject)—but he has also found out that she is extravagantly fond of flowers. Whenever she wants a nosegay he has got one to give her, gathered and arranged by himself; and, greatly to my amusement, he is always cunningly provided with a duplicate, composed of exactly the same flowers, grouped in exactly the same way, to appease his icily jealous wife, before she can so much as think herself aggrieved. His management of the Countess (in public) is a sight to see. He bows to her; he habitually addresses her as "my angel;" he carries his canaries to pay her little visits on his fingers, and to sing to her; he kisses her hand, when she gives him his cigarettes; he presents her with sugar-plums in return, which he puts into her mouth playfully, from a box in his pocket. The rod of iron with which he rules her never appears in company—it is a private rod, and is always kept up stairs.

His method of recommending himself to *me*, is entirely different. He has discovered (Heaven only knows how) that ready-made sentiment is thrown away on my blunt, matter-of-fact nature. And he flatters my vanity, by talking to me as seriously and sensibly as if I was a man. Yes! I can find him out when I am away from him; I know he flatters my vanity, when I think of him up here, in my own room—and yet, when I go down stairs, and get into his company again, he will blind me again, and I shall be flattered again, just as if I had never found him out at all! He can manage me as he manages his wife and Laura, as he managed the blood-hound in the stable-yard, as he manages Sir Percival himself, every hour in the day. "My good Percival! how I like your rough English humor!"—"My good Percival! how I enjoy your solid English sense!" He puts the rudest remarks Sir Percival can make on his effeminate tastes and amusements quietly away from him in that manner—always calling the baronet by his Christian name; smiling at him with the calmest superiority; patting him on the shoulder; and bearing with him benignantly, as a good-humored father bears with a wayward son.

The interest which I really can not help feeling in this strangely original man has led me to question Sir Percival about his past life. Sir Percival either knows little, or will tell me little, about it. He and the Count first met, many years ago, at Rome, under the dangerous circumstances to which I have alluded elsewhere. Since that time they had been perpetually together in London, in Paris, and in Vienna—but never in Italy again; the Count having, oddly enough, not crossed the frontiers of his native country for years past. Perhaps he has been made the victim of some political persecution? At all events, he seems to be patriotically anxious not to lose sight of any of his own countrymen who may happen to be in England. On the evening of his arrival he asked how far we were from the nearest town, and whether we knew of any Italian gentlemen who might happen to be settled there. He is certainly in correspondence with people on the Continent, for his letters have all sorts of odd stamps on them; and I saw one for him this morning, waiting in his place at the breakfast-table, with a huge official-looking seal on it. Perhaps he is in correspondence with his government? And yet that is hardly to be reconciled either with my other idea that he may be a political exile.

How much I seem to have written about Count Fosco! And what does it all amount to?—as poor, dear Mr. Gilmore would ask, in his impenetrable business-like way. I can only repeat that I do assuredly feel, even on this short acquaintance, a strange, half-willing, half-unwilling liking for the Count. He seems to have established over me the same sort of ascendency which he has evidently gained over Sir Percival. Free, and even rude, as he may occasionally be in his manner toward his fat friend, Sir Percival is nevertheless afraid, as I can plainly see, of giving any serious offense to the Count. I wonder whether I am afraid, too? I certainly never saw a man, in all my experience, whom I should be so sorry to have for an enemy. Is this because I like him, or because I am afraid of him? *Chi sa?*—as Count Fosco might say in his own language. Who knows?

2d.—Something to chronicle to-day besides my own ideas and impressions. A visitor has arrived—quite unknown to Laura and to me; and, apparently, quite unexpected by Sir Percival.

We were all at lunch, in the room with the new French windows that open upon the veranda, and the Count (who devours pastry as I have never yet seen it devoured by any human beings but girls at boarding-schools) had just amused us by asking gravely for his fourth tart, when the servant entered to announce the visitor.

"Mr. Merriman has just come, Sir Percival, and wishes to see you immediately."

Sir Percival started, and looked at the man with an expression of angry alarm which silenced us all.

"Mr. Merriman?" he repeated, as if he thought his own ears must have deceived him.

"Yes, Sir Percival: Mr. Merriman, from London."

"Where is he?"

"In the library, Sir Percival."

He left the table the instant the last answer was given, and hurried out of the room without saying a word to any of us.

"Who is Mr. Merriman?" asked Laura, appealing to me.

"I have not the least idea," was all I could say in reply.

The Count had finished his fourth tart, and had gone to a side-table to look after his vicious cockatoo. He turned round to us, with the bird perched on his shoulder.

"Mr. Merriman is Sir Percival's solicitor," he said, quietly.

Sir Percival's solicitor. It was a perfectly straightforward answer to Laura's question; and yet, under the circumstances, it was not satisfactory. If Mr. Merriman had been specially sent for by his client there would have been nothing very wonderful in his leaving town to obey the summons. But when a lawyer travels from London to Hampshire without being sent for, and when his arrival at a gentleman's house seriously startles the gentleman himself, it may be safely taken for granted that the legal visitor is the bearer of some very important and very unexpected news—news which may be either very good or very bad, but which can not, in either case, be of the common, everyday kind.

Laura and I sat silent at the table for a quarter of an hour or more, wondering uneasily what had happened, and waiting for the chance of Sir Percival's speedy return. There were no signs of his return; and we rose to leave the room.

The Count, attentive as usual, advanced from the corner in which he had been feeding his cockatoo, with the bird still perched on his shoulder, and opened the door for us. Laura and Madame Fosco went out first. Just as I was on the point of following them he made a sign with his hand, and spoke to me, before I passed him, in the oddest manner.

"Yes," he said, quietly answering the unexpressed idea at that moment in my mind, as if I had plainly confided it to him in so many words—"yes, Miss Halcombe; something *has* happened."

I was on the point of answering, "I never said so." But the vicious cockatoo ruffled his clipped wings, and gave a screech that set all my nerves on edge in an instant, and made me only too glad to get out of the room.

I joined Laura at the foot of the stairs. The thought in her mind was the same as the thought in mine, which Count Fosco had surprised; and, when she spoke, her words were almost the echo of his. She too said to me, secretly, that she was afraid something had happened.

THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

I WAS passing a farm-house in the suburbs of an active young city, when something about it attracted my attention. I can not tell what it was. Similar patriarchal buildings I had often seen. Gambrel-roofed; prolific of additions of various dates; a piazza-like portico in front; chimneys suggestive of age and corpulence; brown; moss-flecked in the tips of the roof-shingles; lilac bushes hiding the windows; creeping vines trying to push their sweet and brilliant blossoms through the panes—prying, cunning, inquisitive trailers, full of many-hued eyes drooped by leafy lashes!—rose bushes nestling close to the walls, waiting patiently for the beautiful gifts through which they are loved in spite of their thorns; flower plats, in circles and irregular curves, peopled by pretty-lipped floral sisters. On the left a barn, grown broad and pursy in its age like an English squire; on the right a well-sweep—

This last shall have command of a paragraph; for it is one of my idiosyncrasies to admire the whole fraternity. I like the well-sweep for its evident *character*. Aristocratical, dignified, quiet, useful. Standing stiffly in its place, looking gravely at the stars, bowing now and then when hospitality demands it, and returning at once to the natural inclination of its vertebræ, it is the very personification of a grave, conscious dignity. This one was appropriately dressed in a steel-colored coat of paint. Its posture was at the reasonable angle, forty-five degrees. An antique mossy bucket hung pendent, by a rope of genteel size, just within the summit of a neatly-finished curb. Between it and the highway were young fruit trees and vines, answering as a partial foil to the too impudent stare of passers. In fact, it was as comely, well-appointed, well-cared-for, dignified, kind, and courteous a well-sweep as you will find doing the aqueous honors at any farm-house in the land.

As I have confessed, all these items of description might apply to many homesteads of my acquaintance. And yet this one fixed itself like a swallow's-nest in a niche of my thoughts, under the eaves of my memory, and remained there for days. The next time I passed I leaped the fence, and calling down the head of the giraffe at the well, stole sparkling waters from the lips of the moss-covered bucket. Not only the next time I passed, but once or twice again.

I was out shooting wild pigeons one day—I do not shoot them now, and I wonder very much that I could do it then—when, sauntering along, I came upon my old friend the brown house. The sun was gilding the tops of the trees, and only the tops. The day had been bright and warm—the month was June—and the evening breeze from scythe-smitten meadows entered windows and door-ways with a cool and grateful fragrance. Through an open door near the rear of the farm-house I caught a glimpse of the tea-table. The flowing cloth swayed to and fro with the gentle evening breeze; an old man, with locks as snowy as the cloth, was lifting his hand and bowing his head in reverent invocation. The picture was a pleasant, not to say a hallowing one. Continuing my walk to the other side of the house, and giving my accustomed bound, I marched along with the free carelessness of youth, turned the corner of a grape trellis, and—

The well-sweep was doing obeisance at the beck of as pretty a cluster of clinging fingers and as beautiful a pair of arms, displayed by the falling drapery, as had ever kindled my admiration. I am not remarkable for presence of mind, but I remember thinking on the instant that if Providence had made me a well-sweep instead of an engraver, I should have come down with much less reluctance than the grim old star-gazer evinced. The work had been just begun. I was slightly embarrassed. She was watching the descent of the bucket. Golden ringlets; a neat and beautifully-fitting chintz, covered with one of those aprons, mounting to the neck, which housewives wear for protection during the lighter labors of the kitchen; a slight but faultless form, bending to the not ungraceful effort, while the blush of exercise mounted to and tinted the alabaster of her neck; the features hidden by the ringlets—such was the apparition close before me.

Buckets are often ungracious and obstinate. In the present instance the intractable thing refused to dip and fill. I could not skulk and retreat like a coward. A young man in the country, under temptation, with the least dash of audacity in his temperament, could have done no less than I did. Stepping forward, and grasping the rope gently, I said, in such tone as a union of gallantry, deference, and frankness produced, "Let me help you." The young girl gave a momentary start of surprise, uttered a bit of an exclamation, lifted her head, tossing the tresses from brow and cheeks, and looked me full in the face. Not boldly, not bashfully; but her mien united self-possession and courtesy—as disdaining to be overmuch startled, and willing to treat even such audacity with generous politeness. The effort at self-control sent back the flush of exertion till the lily superseded the rose. There are emergencies in life in which the mind settles great questions instantaneously. Within the compass of a second I had taken my impression of the face before me.

The taper fingers unclasped. "Thank you," she said, and stood quietly looking down. I filled the bucket, drew it up, poured carefully from its brim till the table-pitcher, which, kneeling gracefully upon the grass, she held in her tightning fingers, was full to overflowing. "Thank you," she repeated in the same musical tone; and only adding, but with a pleasant grace, "I will send you a glass," entered the house. A boy of ten, bright-eyed and active, came with a goblet. I drank, thanked him, and went away.

My mood was changed. Instead of bounding over the fence, I surmounted that obstacle to my egress in a decent and Christian-like manner. I thought upon the vision—upon contour, motion, features. Whether or not the face was pretty I could not tell for the life of me. But the soul that shone through it!

That night, for my evening's lesson, I turned to the story of Rebekah by the well of Mesopotamia, and thought it very beautiful indeed.

I have not faith in the doctrine "love at first sight" in its ordinary sense; and can only account for the conclusiveness of this "Impression" through the following bit of philosophy: An emergency may *rouse* the soul and bring it flashing from the features, as lightning reveals whole landscapes at a dash which usually come to our eyes through the slow and measured marching of the dawn.

LITERARY.

A NEW AND SUPERB NATIONAL WORK is now in preparation. Mr. Lessing, the well-known author of the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," published by Harper and Brothers, is actively engaged in the collection and arrangement of materials for a complete illustrated history of the last war between the United States and Great Britain, to be entitled THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. He expects to visit the important localities of the events of that war during the ensuing season; and, preparatory therefor, he solicits information from reliable sources. In a circular prepared for that purpose, he says:

> My plan is to give a complete History of the War—Political, Social, Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial—drawn from the most reliable sources opened by both parties in the contest, including its relative antecedents and consequents, and embracing a period of about forty years. It will be comprised in a single volume of at least eight hundred pages, uniform, in every particular, with my PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. It will also be published by the same house, Messrs. Harper and Brothers.
>
> To obtain much of the material for my FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION, I visited every important locality connected with our War for Independence, in the old Thirteen States and Canada; made sketches—heard and recorded traditions—copied public and private documents—in a word, gleaned from the broad field where others had reaped whatever they had left behind, and added it to their store. I am pursuing a like course in the preparation of my HISTORY OF THE LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN. To facilitate my labor, I respectfully ask your kind response to such of the following questions as your information, leisure, and inclination, shall allow:
>
> I. Is there any locality in your vicinity made memorable by an event connected with the War? If so, what is it? Near what city, village, or post-office is it? and by what public conveyance can it be reached?
>
> II. Have you in possession, or are you cognizant of unpublished documents of historic value, which may be copied wholly, or in part, for publication in my work? If so, what? and how may such copies be obtained?
>
> III. Are there veterans of the War, reliable as traditionary witnesses, residing in your vicinity? If so, what are the names of the most reliable, and their addresses?
>
> IV. Have you in possession, or do you know of any pictorial sketches of military movements; fortifications; portraits of actors in the events, particular localities, such as battle-grounds, head-quarters of officers, etc., etc., of the War.
>
> V. Do you possess, or can you furnish, a brief biographical sketch of any man or men distinguished in the War, which has not been published? If so, of whom?
>
> These questions are necessarily of a general nature. I shall feel grateful to you for ANY historical information that may suggest itself to your mind.
>
> In all cases the just rule will be observed, to give full credit to the source whence information shall be obtained; and a reciprocity of favor will be cheerfully accorded, if opportunity shall occur.
>
> All documents, drawings, maps, or engravings which may be placed in my hands, shall be carefully kept from harm, and returned to the owner as soon as copied, if required, by such conveyance as he may direct.
>
> Although a stranger to you personally, I trust you will regard this communication with favor; for I desire to make the work as full, truthful, and creditable as the degree of patient labor, artistic skill, and literary taste which I possess, will permit.
>
> Please address me at Poughkeepsie, Duchess county, New York, or through the Publishers, Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City.
>
> Very respectfully yours, etc.,
> BENSON J. LOSSING.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, February 6, in the Senate, bills were introduced to regulate the pay of Pursers in the Navy; to extend the pre-emption privilege in California; for a line of railroad and telegraph to the Pacific. Resolutions were adopted to inquire into the expediency of establishing a semi-weekly mail between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Placerville, California; and between New Orleans and El Paso. Also, as to the expediency of amending the law relating to protection granted seamen. The President was requested to communicate the instructions and dispatches sent to and received from the late Minister to China and the former Commissioner. The Bill to increase and regulate the pay of the Navy was made the special order for Monday. Senator Chandler (Mich.) moved to reconsider the vote ordering printed the President's St. Clair Flats Message; after some debate he withdrew his motion, and gave notice that he would ask the passage of the Bill again. Senator Davis (Miss.) replied. After some debate the matter was laid over till Thursday. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, after a personal explanation from Mr. Clark (Mo.), the Post-office Appropriation Bill was taken up and amended on motion of Mr. Phelps (Mo.). On motion of Mr. Sherman (Ohio), the House proceeded to the election of a Door-keeper, and George Marston was chosen. On motion of Mr. Washburne (Ill.), the House voted for Postmaster, and Josiah M. Lucas was chosen. Many notices of intention to introduce bills were given. The House adjourned till Thursday.

On Tuesday, February 7, in the Senate, the joint resolution, passed on the last day of the last session, appropriating money for the removal of the bar and obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi, was returned by the President, with a message stating his objections to the same. Resolutions were adopted appropriating $6000 for the relief of Commander H. J. Hartstene, and authorizing Commodore Shubrick to accept a sword from Urquiza. Senator Wilson (Mass.) introduced a resolution to appoint a Committee to inquire into the extent of the power and patronage of the President and Heads of Departments respecting removal from and appointment to office, and also whether any power or patronage is used to influence the legislation in Congress, or elections, etc. The Post-office Deficiency Bill, which was reported with amendments, was taken up. After some debate the further consideration of the bill was postponed, when the Senate went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——The House was not in session.

On Wednesday, February 8, in the Senate, a joint resolution was offered, and under the rule laid over, authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to make arrangements for the dedication of the statue of Washington on the 22d inst., and appropriating $3000 therefor. Senator Davis (Miss.) reported in favor of printing 50,000 copies of the reports of Messrs. Mordecai and Delafield, of observations in the Crimea, at an expense of $50,800. The report was rejected. A resolution was adopted to inquire into the expediency of establishing a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and China, *via* the Sandwich Islands. The Post-office Deficiency Bill was then taken up and amended, by requiring that the Post-office blanks shall be printed by contract and by the lowest bidder. The Senate then adjourned, without disposing of the bill.——The House was not in session.

On Thursday, February 9, in the Senate, Senator Sumner (Mass.) introduced a resolution to inquire into the expediency of further legislation for the prevention of crime and violence on board our merchant marine. A debate was held on a motion to print the Patent-office Report, which was finally ordered printed, one copy for each patentee. The Post-office Deficiency Bill was then taken up, and debate had on the proposition to grant six per cent. interest to the contractors, which was finally adopted. An amendment abolishing the franking privilege, to take effect on the 10th of April, was adopted, and then the bill passed, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Sherman (Ohio) moved that the House proceed to the election of a Printer; but, after debate, the House refused to second a call for the previous question. On motion of Mr. Sherman, the election was then postponed till Monday. On motion of Mr. Hoard (N. Y.), it was resolved to inquire into the printing expenses, and provide a modification of the rates paid, with a view to greater economy. The Standing Committees were announced by the Speaker. The President's Message was received, and it was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Several Democratic members, disliking the positions assigned them on the Committees, asked to be excused from serving. Notice was given of intention to introduce quite a number of bills; and the House adjourned.

On Friday, February 10, in the House, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Morse (Me.) introduced a resolution calling for copies of communications received from the British Government since 1858 relative to the slave-trade. Laid over. Mr. Morse also moved an inquiry into the expediency of prohibiting American vessels from engaging in the Coolie trade or in transporting apprentices to the West Indies, which was adopted. The Speaker laid before the House a copy of the Wyandotte Kansas-State Constitution. Some time was spent in discussing a motion to appoint clerks to Committees, when the House went into Committee on the President's Message. The various subjects were appropriately referred, the Pacific Railroad question being sent to a select Committee of fifteen. Mr. Ferry (Conn.) took the floor to reply to assaults upon the Republican party. Mr. Regan (Texas) responded; when the Committee rose. A memorial was received from Mr. Blair, of Missouri, contesting Mr. Barrett's seat, and referred. Adjourned.

THE STANDING COMMITTEES.

The following are the new Standing Committees appointed on Thursday:

Ways and Means.—Messrs. Sherman, Davis of Maryland, Phelps, Stevens, Washburn of Maine, Millson, Morrill, Crawford, and Spaulding.

Commerce.—Messrs. Washburne of Illinois, Wade, John Cochrane, Elliot, Smith of North Carolina, Morehead, Lamar, Nixon, and Clemens.

Military Affairs.—Messrs. Stanton, Curtis, Bonham, Buffington, Olin, M'Rae, Pendleton, Longnecker, and Boteler.

Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Morris of Maine, Bocock, Pottle, Winslow, Wilson, Curry, Sedgwick, Harris of Maryland, and Schwartz.

Territories.—Messrs. Grow, Perry, Smith of Virginia, Gooch, Waldron, Clark of Missouri, Case, Vallandigham, and Ashley.

Judiciary.—Messrs. Hickman, Bingham, Houston, Taylor, Nelson, Kellogg of Illinois, Reynolds, Robinson of Rhode Island, and Parker.

On Elections.—Messrs. Gilmer, Davis, Campbell, Boyce, Marston, Stevenson, Gartrell, Shatton, and M'Knight.

Claims.—Messrs. Tappan, Hoard, M'Clernand, Ely, Moore of Alabama, Walton, Maynard, Hale, and Hutchins.

Public Lands.—Messrs. Thayer, Lovejoy, Cobb, Covode, Davis of Indiana, Trimble, Vandever, Winslow, and Barrett.

Post-offices and Post-roads.—Messrs. Colfax, Woodruff, English, Adams of Kentucky, Alley, Davis of Mississippi, Craig of Missouri, Helmick, and Lee.

District of Columbia.—Messrs. Carter, Kilgore, Burnett, Rice, Garnett, Conkling, Pryor, Edgerton, and Anderson of Kentucky.

Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Briggs, Ferry, Cox, Vance, Jackson, Duell, Dejarnette, Holman, and Fenton.

Public Expenditures.—Messrs. Haskin, Palmer, Edmondson, Killinger, Somes, Hindman, Wood, Clapton, and Fouke.

Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Washburn of Wisconsin, Clark B. Cochrane, Avery, Kenyon, Hawkins, Hamilton, Anderson of Missouri, Bouligny, and Blair.

Manufactures.—Messrs. Adams of Massachusetts, Scranton, M'Queen, Leake, Moore of Kentucky, French, Dunn, Riggs, and M'Kean.

Agriculture.—Messrs. Butterfield, Carey, Whiteley, Stewart of Pennsylvania, Wright, Bristow, Aldrich, Burch, and Grow.

Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Etheridge, Burroughs, Woodson, Farnsworth, Clark of New York, Scott, Leach of Michigan, Edwards, and Aldrich.

Militia.—Messrs. Tompkins, Irvine, Jenkins, Webster, Quarles, Raffin, Wells, Packer, and Simms.

Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. Corwin, Burlingame, Barksdale, Morris of Pennsylvania, Branch, Boyce, Mills, Hill, and Humphrey.

Revolutionary Pensions.—Messrs. Pepper, Verrie, Craige of North Carolina, Adrain, Junkin, Reagan, Babbitt, Delano, and Leach of North Carolina.

Invalid Pensions.—Messrs. Fenton, Foster, Sickles, Florence, Stokes, Kellogg of Michigan, Hall, Brabson, and Martin of Ohio.

Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Mallory, Morris of Illinois, Dunn, Singleton, Burroughs, Gurley, Montgomery, Rust, and Ferry.

Patents.—Messrs. Millward, Stewart of Maryland, Burham, Niblack, and Frank.

Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Train, Beale, Keitt, M'Pherson, and Peyton.

Revisal and Unfinished Business.—Messrs. Logan, Jones, Howard, Babbitt, and Foster.

Accounts.—Messrs. Spinner, Kunkel, Blake, Graham, and Allen.

Mileage.—Messrs. Ashmore, Van Wyck, Loomis, Hardeman, and Robinson of Illinois.

Engraving.—Messrs. Adrain, Covode, and Maclay.

Expenditures in the State Department.—Messrs. M'Kean, Stout, Barr, Love, and Dawes.

Expenditures in the Treasury Department.—Messrs. Loomis, Quarles, Wells, Thomas, and Train.

Expenditures in the War Department.—Messrs. Stewart of Pennsylvania, Larrabee, Tompkins, Cooper, and Morrill.

Expenditures in the Navy Department.—Messrs. Hatton, Underwood, Blair, Hughes, and Sherman.

Expenditures in the Post-office Department.—Messrs. Palmer, Martin of Virginia, Moore of Kentucky, Landrum, and Stanton.

Expenditures on the Public Buildings.—Messrs. Brayton, Noell, Walton, Harris of Virginia, and Nelson.

Joint Committee on the Library.—Messrs. Pettit, Adams of Massachusetts, and Pugh.

Joint Committee on Printing.—Messrs. Gurley, Haskin, and Dimmick.

Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills.—Messrs. Davidson and Theaker.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA.

Hon. Milton S. Latham was inaugurated as Governor of California on the 9th, nominated by the Democratic Legislative caucus on the 10th for United States Senator, and elected to that office on the next day. The vote stood—Latham (Dem.), 97; Edmund Randolph (Anti-Lecompton Dem.), 15; O. L. Shaft (Rep.), 3. Mr. Latham was to leave San Francisco on the 5th inst. for Washington. He is elected to fill the term of the late Senator Broderick, which expires in 1863, and will supercede Mr. Haun, who was appointed by the Governor of California, during a recess of the Legislature. Mr. Latham was a member of the House of Representatives in 1853–'4, and acquitted himself with credit. He is a native of Ohio, but emigrated to Alabama in 1844, and from thence to California. His election to the United States Senate was a surprise, not only to his competitors, but to the public.

LOSS OF THE "NORTHERNER."

The overland mail brings intelligence of the total loss of the steamship *Northerner*, Captain Dall, on the 6th ult., off Cape Mendocino, while on the passage from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon. Captain Dall was saved, and the first and third officers, second engineer, pilot, fourteen of the crew, and eighteen passengers were lost. The mails were saved.

STIR AMONG THE MARYLAND LEGISLATORS.

On February 9, in the Maryland House of Delegates, resolutions were adopted condemning the course of Hon. Henry Winter Davis in voting for Mr. Pennington for Speaker of the House of Representatives as an act deserving of censure, it being in opposition to the sentiments of the people of the entire State. The resolutions were adopted with but one dissenting vote. All the American delegates voted for the censure.

A resolution was also adopted for appointing a committee to wait on Governor Hicks, to inquire whether the newspaper statement that he had sent his Secretary of State to Washington to congratulate Mr. Pennington on his election was correct. Several members declared that they were authorized to say that the statement was unfounded; but the committee, notwithstanding, was appointed.

CONVICTION OF STEVENS.

The trial of Stevens, at Charlestown, was concluded on Saturday. No new evidence was adduced. The speeches of counsel were mostly of a political character, Mr. Sennott, counsel for the prisoner, going into a history of the rise and progress of the Republican party. The jury was out fifteen minutes, and returned with a verdict of guilty on all the counts. The prisoner was unaffected by the announcement.

THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE.

The Kansas Legislature is burdened with business, which rather embarrasses the members, who are, for the most part, inexperienced in legislation. After much declamation, the bill prohibiting Slavery in the Territory passed by a vote of 30 to 6. The Territorial Census, just published, though incomplete, shows a population of from 60,000 to 70,000. A Personal Liberty bill is now before the House, but its success is deemed doubtful.

PROPOSED MEDIATION BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

The Chamber of Commerce, at a special meeting held on Thursday, adopted a memorial to the President of the United States, asking for the mediation of our Government with that of Great Britain for the restoration of peace with China. A report was presented condemning privateering, and proposing to abolish the practice on condition that the armed vessels of other nations shall respect private property in time of war. The documents were ordered to be printed.

VERDICT ON THE ELM STREET CALAMITY.

The Jury who investigated the Elm Street calamity yesterday, returned a verdict censuring Mr. Waring, the owner of the building, for omitting to construct an iron staircase, or otherwise provide for the safety of the inmates, in case of fire, and called upon the Legislature to stringently enact that no building to be occupied by a number of families shall be over five stories in height, and that all of them be provided with outside iron stairways, with doors opening upon them from each story.

SHOCKING DEATH OF HYDROPHOBIA.

About the beginning of November last Melissa Carhart, of Hickory Grove township, Iowa, was bitten on the arm by a dog. The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* thus describes the result: "Last week she complained of a pain in her back and general indisposition. Showing her dog-wound to one of her school companions last week, she said it was still painful, and her sores looked inflamed. Saturday afternoon she lay in bed. Sunday morning last she went into convulsions on the sight of water. Her convulsions afterward were for a few minutes to over an hour in duration, and she was sensible between them. During these spasms she clutched at every thing violently, chewed a napkin, and appeared to be made more frantic by the appearance of her own saliva on the napkin. At times she shrieked fearfully, yet did not appear sensible. It was a horrid spectacle. Monday morning, during her rational moments, she called the family around her, and bade them an affectionate farewell, being fully sensible of her hopeless condition. Her convulsions gradually became weaker, and on Monday evening at half past five o'clock she quietly died. We learn these particulars from Squire Green and Mr. John Cavendish, the latter of whom was with her almost constantly from Sunday morning till the hour of her death. Her death occurred about nine weeks after the date of the biting. So far as we can ascertain no other persons were bitten by this dog, nor any cattle, etc. The dog, a very large one, appeared suddenly and mysteriously, and was utterly unknown in the neighborhood."

ACCIDENT TO MRS. BEECHER.

About half past eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning a sad accident occurred to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, resulting in the serious injury of this estimable lady. The facts are as follows: Mrs. Beecher left home yesterday morning to enjoy, as she frequently does, a morning ride, taking two of her children with her in the wagon. All went on well until nearing Fulton Street from the Heights, when the horse took fright and galloped wildly down Hicks Street. All this time Mrs. Beecher appears to have preserved her presence of mind, for on arriving in Fulton Street she immediately foresaw how hazardous it would be to attempt to turn the horse either up or down the street, and therefore, as a last alternative, determined to push him straight ahead. The result shows that this course was equally if not more hazardous than to have turned and trusted to the chance of the horse being stopped in Fulton Street; horse and wagon came full force against the Long Island Bank building, the concussion throwing out the occupants and injuring Mrs. Beecher and one of the children quite seriously, and the other child slightly. The injured were instantly picked up and conveyed to a drug store in the neighborhood, where an examination proved that Mrs. Beecher's injuries are of a very serious nature. It is said by those who witnessed the accident that Mrs. Beecher's head struck against the stone steps of the bank, which present a sharp angle.

ELOPEMENT AND REMORSE.

We read in the Chicago *Herald*: "A few days ago, one of our city officials, tired of the domestic restraints thrown around him by an exacting wife, resolved upon eloping with a young lady with whom he had been for a very long time desperately smitten. He secretly packed his trunks, and conveyed them to the dépôt of the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis Railroad, and the young lady aforesaid performed a similar operation, and away they went on the wings of love toward St. Louis. By-and-by, conscience, that worm which gnaws into the very soul of guilt, seized upon him and remorse followed. He wished himself back by his deserted fireside a thousand times. By the time he had reached ——, a little station, a few miles this side of St. Louis, he was almost frenzied. He had not the moral courage to reveal his feeling to the guilty partner of his flight, and meeting a deputy sheriff of this county, he begged him to extricate him from his predicament. His friend, the deputy, acceded to this reasonable demand, and when the absconding husband had seated himself in the car, he walked up to him, and reading a bogus warrant, arrested him and took him out of the car just as it was moving off, leaving the damsel to pursue her journey alone."

TERRIBLE DEATH OF A ROPE DANCER.

On Saturday night, about 11 o'clock, a sad accident occurred at the Volks Garten, No. 45 Bowery. Mrs. Josephine Herskel, a favorite *danseuse*, whose professional denomination was Mademoiselle Josephine Louisette, was announced to terminate the night's amusements by a rope ascension from the stage to the gallery. She was was in the act of stepping from the cross-tree, to which the end of the rope was attached, to the stage, when the gauze dress which she wore came in contact with one of the foot-lights, and was immediately in a blaze. The excitement among the audience was intense. The husband of the unfortunate woman, who was a musician in the orchestra, leaped upon the stage, followed by other musicians, and, aided by employés of the theatre, who rushed from the rear of the scenes, endeavored to extinguish the flames. In her fright the sufferer rushed wildly about, fanning them into fiercer action by the draught, and in this way every vestige of clothing was destroyed. She was promptly removed to her residence, No. 85 Forsyth Street, and attended by doctors; but her injuries were of such a serious nature that she lingered only till 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, when she died. The unfortunate woman was but recently married. She was born in Livingston County, New York, in 1837, and took to the stage, as a profession, on the death of her father, that she might not only support herself, but furnish assistance to her mother, and educate her brother and sister. She has had engagements as a ballet dancer at Laura Keene's and Niblo's Garden. Her mother had always objected to her performing on the rope, fearing that some evil would be the result. This apprehension, which had often been expressed, was recalled to the mind of the sufferer upon the occurrence of this fatal casualty, for almost the last words she uttered were, "Mother, I would not have gone on the rope, but I wanted to make money for you and the children."

PERSONAL.

Señor De Oviedo and his fair American bride left the St. Nicholas Hotel on Saturday, at one o'clock, and embarked on board the *Quaker City*, Captain Shufeldt, for Havana, and a visit to his estates on the "ever faithful island of Cuba." A large party of relatives and friends took leave of them on board the steamer, wishing them a happy voyage and early return. During the year and a half that Señor De Oviedo has passed in this city and vicinity he has made warm friendships, while his large orders for the constructing of steam and other machinery for the improvement of his estates—to say nothing of his expenditure for articles of taste and luxury—has given employment to hundreds of our industrious population, and handsome profits for those who have had his orders.

Cardinal Antonelli passed the evening of December 31 at the palace of the French General commanding in Rome, to see the old year out and the new year in. The principal entertainment provided by the worthy General for his distinguished guests, comprising several members of the Sacred College and the French and Austrian Embassadors, was the performance of a celebrated conjuror, who is now going the professional round of the principal salons in Rome. The Cardinal Secretary of State occupied the centre place of honor in the first row of seats, exactly opposite the Professor of Magic, and condescended to furnish rings, pocket-handkerchiefs, etc., for the various tricks.

The *Liberty* (Indiana) *Herald* says that a school teacher in Union County was ducked by his scholars on the 3d of last month, because he did not treat during the holidays. They insisted that he should treat or take a ducking. He refused, and they took him to a stream near by, cut a hole in the ice, and put him in and pulled him out about a dozen times. The teacher had them fined, and it cost each one of the young gentlemen $5. The teacher's name is Gard.

Nicholas Longworth has now in his cellar four hundred and sixty thousand bottles of wine. When it is remembered that there are two or three other large manufacturers in Cincinnati, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the grape is cultivated in that vicinity.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE opening of the English Parliamentary session of 1860 took place on the afternoon of January 24, the royal Speech being delivered by the Queen in person.

The fineness of the day induced the assemblage of a large concourse of spectators to witness the royal procession from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament.

The Queen left the palace about half past one o'clock, and arrived at the entrance to the House of Lords shortly before two.

On alighting, her Majesty proceeded to the robing-room, and in a very few minutes entered the House, accompanied by his Royal Highness the Prince Consort and the great officers of State.

The Queen having taken her seat on the throne, a copy of the royal Speech was handed to her by the Lord Chancellor, and which her Majesty read.

AFFAIRS OF EUROPE.

"My relations with foreign Powers continue to be on a friendly and satisfactory footing.

"At the close of the last session I informed you that overtures had been made to me to ascertain whether, if a conference should be held by the great Powers of Europe for the purpose of settling arrangements connected with the present state and future condition of Italy, a plenipotentiary would be sent by me to assist at such a conference. I have since received a formal invitation from the Emperor of Austria and from the Emperor of the French to send a plenipotentiary to a Congress to consist of the representatives of the eight Powers who were parties to the treaties of Vienna of 1815; the objects of such Congress being stated to be to receive communications of the treaties concluded at Zurich, and to deliberate—associating with the above-mentioned Powers the Courts of Rome, of Sardinia, and of the Two Sicilies—on the means best adapted for the pacification of Italy, and for placing its prosperity on a solid and durable basis.

"Desirous at all times to concur in proceedings having for their object the maintenance of peace, I accepted the invitation, but at the same time I made known that in such a Congress I should steadfastly maintain the principle that no external force should be employed to impose upon the people of Italy any particular government or constitution.

"Circumstances have arisen which have led to a postponement of the Congress, without any day having been fixed for its meeting; but whether in Congress or in separate negotiation, I shall endeavor to obtain for the people of Italy freedom from foreign interference by force of arms in their internal concerns, and I trust that the affairs of the Italian peninsula may be peacefully and satisfactorily settled.

"Papers on this subject will soon be laid before you.

"I am in communication with the Emperor of the French with a view to extend the commercial intercourse between the two countries, and thus to draw still closer the bonds of friendly alliance between them.

"A dispute having arisen between Spain and Morocco, I endeavored by friendly means to prevent a rupture, but, I regret to say, without success.

"I will direct papers on this subject to be laid before you.

THE NEW WAR WITH CHINA.

"My Plenipotentiary and the Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of the French having, in obedience to their instructions, proceeded to the mouth of the Pei-ho river, in order to repair to Pekin to exchange in that city the ratifications of the Treaty of Tien-tsin, in pursuance of the 56th article of that treaty, their further progress was opposed by force, and a conflict took place between the Chinese forts at the mouth of the river, and the naval forces by which the Plenipotentiaries were escorted.

"The allied forces displayed on this occasion their usual bravery, but, after sustaining a severe loss, were compelled to retire.

"I am preparing, in concert and co-operation with the Emperor of the French, an expedition, intended to obtain redress and a fulfillment of the stipulations of the Treaty of Tien-tsin.

"It will be gratifying to me if the prompt acquiescence of the Emperor of China in the moderate demands which will be made by the Plenipotentiaries shall obviate the necessity for the employment of force.

"I have directed that papers on this subject shall be laid before you.

THE SAN JUAN AFFAIR.

"An unauthorized proceeding by an officer of the United States in regard to the Island of San Juan, between Vancouver's Island and the main land, might have led to a serious collision between my forces and those of the United States. Such a collision, however, has been prevented by the judicious forbearance of my naval and civil officers on the spot, and by the equitable and conciliatory provisional arrangement proposed on this matter by the government of the United States.

"I trust that the question of boundary, out of which this affair has arisen, may be amicably settled in a manner conformable with the just rights of the two countries, as defined by the first article of the treaty of 1846.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

"The last embers of disturbance in my East Indian dominions have been extinguished: my Viceroy has made a peaceful progress through the districts which had been the principal scene of disorder, and, by a judicious combination of firmness and generosity, my authority has been every where solidly, and, I trust, permanently established. I have received from my Viceroy the most gratifying accounts of the loyalty of my Indian subjects, and of the good feeling evinced by the native chiefs and the great land-owners of the country. The attention of the Government in India has been directed to the development of the internal resources of the country; and I am glad to inform you that an improvement has taken place in its financial prospects.

HOME AFFAIRS.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,—I have accepted with gratification and pride the extensive offers of voluntary service which I have received from my subjects. This manifestation of public spirit has added an important element to our system of national defense.

"Measures will be laid before you for amending the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, and for placing that representation upon a broader and firmer basis.

"I earnestly recommend you to resume your labors for the improvement of our jurisprudence, and particularly in regard to bankruptcy, the transfer of land, the consolidation of the statutes, and such a further fusion of law and equity as may be necessary to insure that, in every suit, the rights of the parties may be satisfactorily determined by the court in which the suit is commenced.

"I am deeply gratified to observe that the great interests of the country are generally in a sound and thriving condition; that pauperism and crime have diminished; and that throughout the whole of my empire, both in the United Kingdom and in my colonies and possessions beyond the sea, there reigns a spirit of loyalty, of contentment, of order, and of obedience to the law.

"With heartfelt gratitude to the Almighty Ruler of nations for these inestimable blessings, I fervently pray that his beneficent power may guide your deliberations for the advancement and consolidation of the welfare and happiness of my people."

DEATH OF CAPTAIN HARRISON.

Captain Harrison, the well-known commander of the *Great Eastern*, has lost his life by the upsetting of a boat at Southampton. He was crossing the Solent from his residence at Hythe to Southampton, on the morning of the 21st ultimo, in his own gig, in company with Dr. Watson, the surgeon of the *Great Eastern*, Captain Jay, the chief purser, and a son of the latter. The boat was manned by six picked men, including Ogden, the coxswain of the *Great Eastern*. The weather was very squally, and as the boat neared the Southampton docks Captain Harrison ordered the sail to be lowered, but it stuck fast, and a heavy gust of wind caused the boat to capsize. Captain Harrison clung to the boat for a few minutes, making desperate attempts to right it, but he became exhausted and fell back into the waves. He was picked up about twelve minutes afterward floating a foot below the surface of the water, with his arm cast loosely over an oar. The most energetic efforts were made by no less than ten medical men to restore animation, but all was fruitless. The galvanic battery was applied without any effect whatever. Ogden, the coxswain, and Captain Jay's son also fell victims to the disaster, although the former was for a time restored to consciousness. The event created a painful sensation throughout England, owing to the high esteem in which Captain Harrison was held. Warm eulogies were being passed upon him, and his death was generally regarded as a very serious blow for the *Great Eastern* enterprise.

A NEW SUBSCRIPTION FOR COBDEN.

The London *Athenæum* alludes to the report that the Right Hon. Richard Cobden has lost nearly all his private fortune by investments in American railroad securities, and says that the sum of £40,000 in sums from £50 to £500 have been subscribed to repair his loss.

FRANCE.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

A commercial treaty between France and England was signed at Paris on the 23d. The terms were not authentically known, and it was reported they would not be published until the English Chancellor of the Exchequer submitted his budget to Parliament, when the treaty would be instantaneously promulgated in the Paris *Moniteur*.

Various rumors were afloat as to the provisions of the treaty.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* learns on good authority that the English Government has frankly carried out its principles of free trade. He also states that English coal will not be relieved of all duties, but only of the differential duty.

The Paris correspondent of the *Spectator* says that the treaty embraces the following objects: A complete and effective assimilation of the French and English flags in maritime intercourse, direct and indirect, between both countries and their respective colonies, and exonerating both English and French ships from all tonnage dues in both English and French ports.

Another Paris letter-writer maintains that the duty on manufactured iron, which is now £4 per ton, will be reduced to either £2 8s. or £1 19s. 6d.

The Paris *Pays* says that on the conclusion of the treaty of commerce between France and England, negotiations with other powers for the conclusion of similar treaties would be commenced.

MORE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE POPE.

The Liverpool *Post* contains the following:

"We are in a condition to affirm that the following statement is true:

"The Emperor of the French has written a second letter to the Pope. It was brief but emphatic. His Majesty is willing and anxious to remain as hitherto the eldest son of the Church, and continue to be deferential to the Holy Father in all things spiritual; but if his Holiness oppose the late propositions, *let him remember Henry the Eighth.*

"The Pope having called for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, the Emperor, in the same letter, says that they shall be withdrawn if his Holiness persists, but that he (the Emperor) will cause a month's notice to be given to all strangers resident in the Eternal city."

THE TRADE OF FRANCE.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 16th ultimo publishes the returns of the general revenue for the past year, which amounted to 1,094.614.000 francs, being an increase of 2,916,000 francs on 1858. The items which show an improvement are: Import duty on foreign sugar, 12,020,000 francs; duty on potable liquors, 8,439,000 francs; postage, 3,452,000 francs; sundry duties and receipts, 2,864,000 francs; import duty on sundry merchandise, 2,697,000 francs; salt duties, 1,496,000 francs; sale of tobacco, 1,471,000 francs; import duty on corn, 577,000 francs; navigation dues, 557,000 francs; stamp duties, 521,000 francs; customs export duties, 425,000 francs; money orders, 185,000 francs; transit charge on foreign letters, 26,000 francs. Those which have fallen off are: Registration duties, 15,036,000 francs; duty on beet-root sugar, 6,286,000 francs; sundry customs receipts, 1,459,000 francs; sale of gunpowder, 597,000 francs. The increase of the revenue of 1859, as compared with 1857, was 41,951,000 francs.

AMERICAN BELLES IN PARIS.

Of a late ball at the American Embassy a letter-writer thus speaks:

"Among the distinguished ladies present, and who attracted considerable attention through the entire evening, were Mrs. General Winfield Scott, who came in about ten o'clock, leaning upon the arm of Beverly Tucker, Esq. Mrs. Scott has been for some time residing in Paris.

"American titled nobility was represented by the Countess Dissy, a daughter of General Harney, of our army, who was married in Paris about five years since; and who, with her sister, Miss Harney, added much to the liveliness and interest of the reception.

"Among such an array of beauty and grace and vivacity and fine dresses, it may appear invidious to select any ladies for particular notice; but there were some who, as there always are on such occasions, attracted greater attention than any others. Among these was Miss Proctor, of Boston, dressed in a robe of simple white, with no jewels but her bright black eyes, and needing no other to set off her beauty.

"Miss Field, of New York, dressed in white, with elaborate trimmings of blue, was thought to be the best dressed and one of the finest-looking ladies in the room.

"Miss Thorne, of Louisiana, dressed in pink, was very *spirituelle* and graceful.

"The Misses Hutchinson, of New Jersey, sisters.

"Miss M'Lean, of Washington, a very beautiful and highly intelligent lady, drew around her a crowd of admirers.

"Miss Allen, of Philadelphia, Miss Wolf, Mrs. Douglass, Madame Fanyani, an American lady, wife of an artist of considerable repute; Mesdames Personi, Lesieur, and Moore; and Misses Townsend and Brett, were all very much admired.

"The diplomatic corps was represented by Mr. Calhoun, *Chargé d'Affaires*, and the elegant and amiable Mr. Wilbur, Secretary of Legation.

"The army by Major Crittenden, Captain J. W. Todd, and Lieutenants Huse and Pegram, all of whom appeared in uniform, the blue coats and brass buttons proving as irresistible among the ladies as ever.

"Then the dentistical profession—quite an important one in Paris—was represented by the two Messrs. Theodore and Thomas W. Evans, dentists to the Emperor, who have made immense fortunes by their practice here, and both of whom wore Imperial decorations: and by Messrs. Fowler, Gage, and Crane."

ITALY.

A LETTER FROM GARIBALDI.

The following letter was addressed by General Garibaldi to Colonel Samuel Colt, who had made him an offer of a hundred rifles:

"Noble Colonel Colt—an adoptive citizen of the great Republic, proud of belonging to the universal cause of the peoples—I accept with gratitude, in the name of my country, your benevolent and generous offer.

"The arrival of your arms will be hailed among us not only as the material support sent by a brave man to a people fighting for its most sacred rights, but as the powerfully moral aid of the great American nation.

"I am, with affection, your devoted

G. GARIBALDI.

"Fino, January 15, 1860."

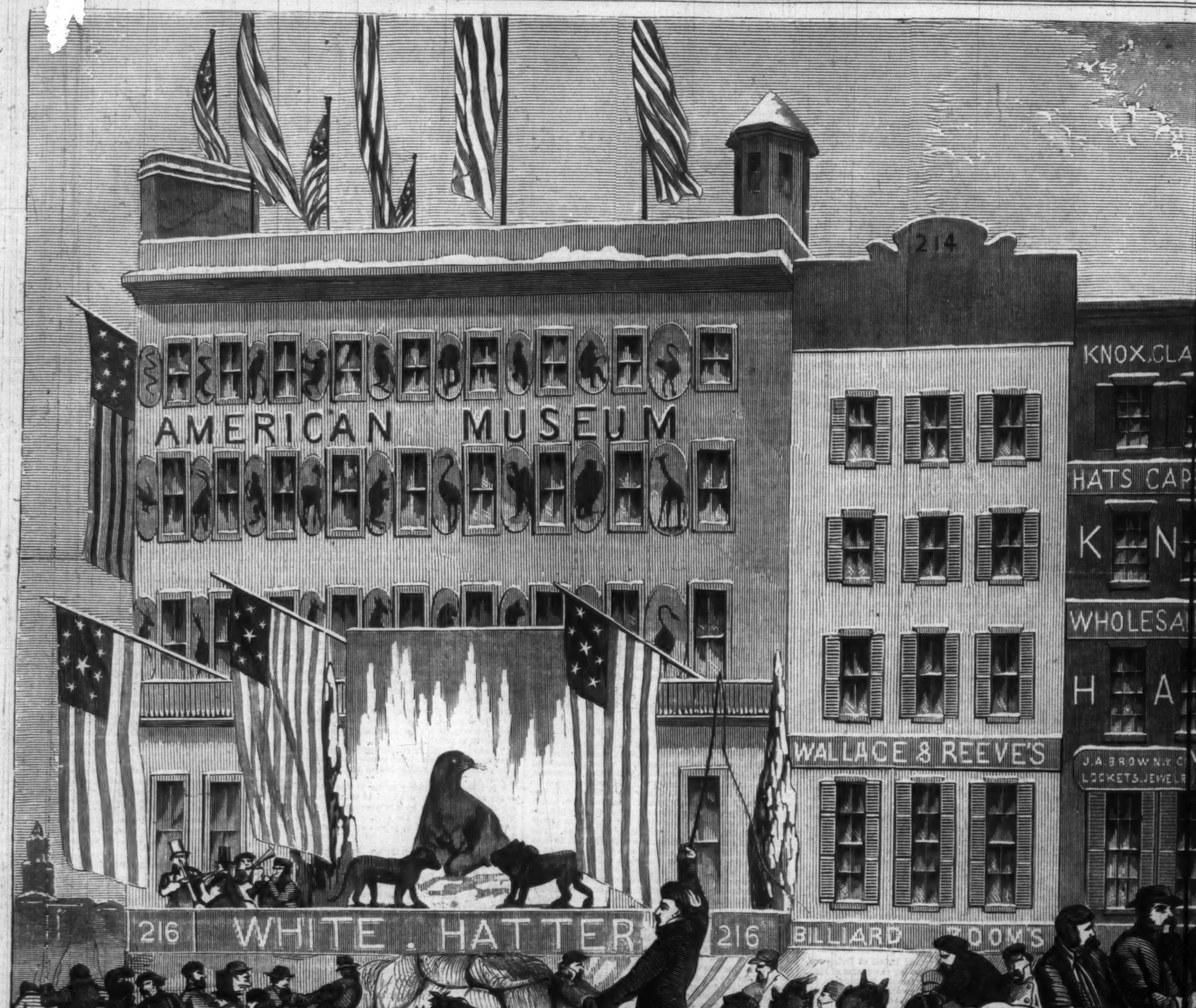
CHINA.

PROGRESS OF OUR SQUADRON.

A naval letter from China, dated at Hong Kong on the 30th of November, published in the London *Times*, says:

"The American flag-officer Tatnall, in the United States steamer *Powhatan*, has been succeeded by flag-officer Stribling, in the United States steamer *Hartford*.

"Mr. Ward has arrived here from Shanghai. The treaty with the United States has been ratified. Before you receive this you will, no doubt, have read the various articles composing it. The only commercial advantage of any importance obtained by it appears to be the opening of the two ports, Swatow and Taiwan, in Formosa.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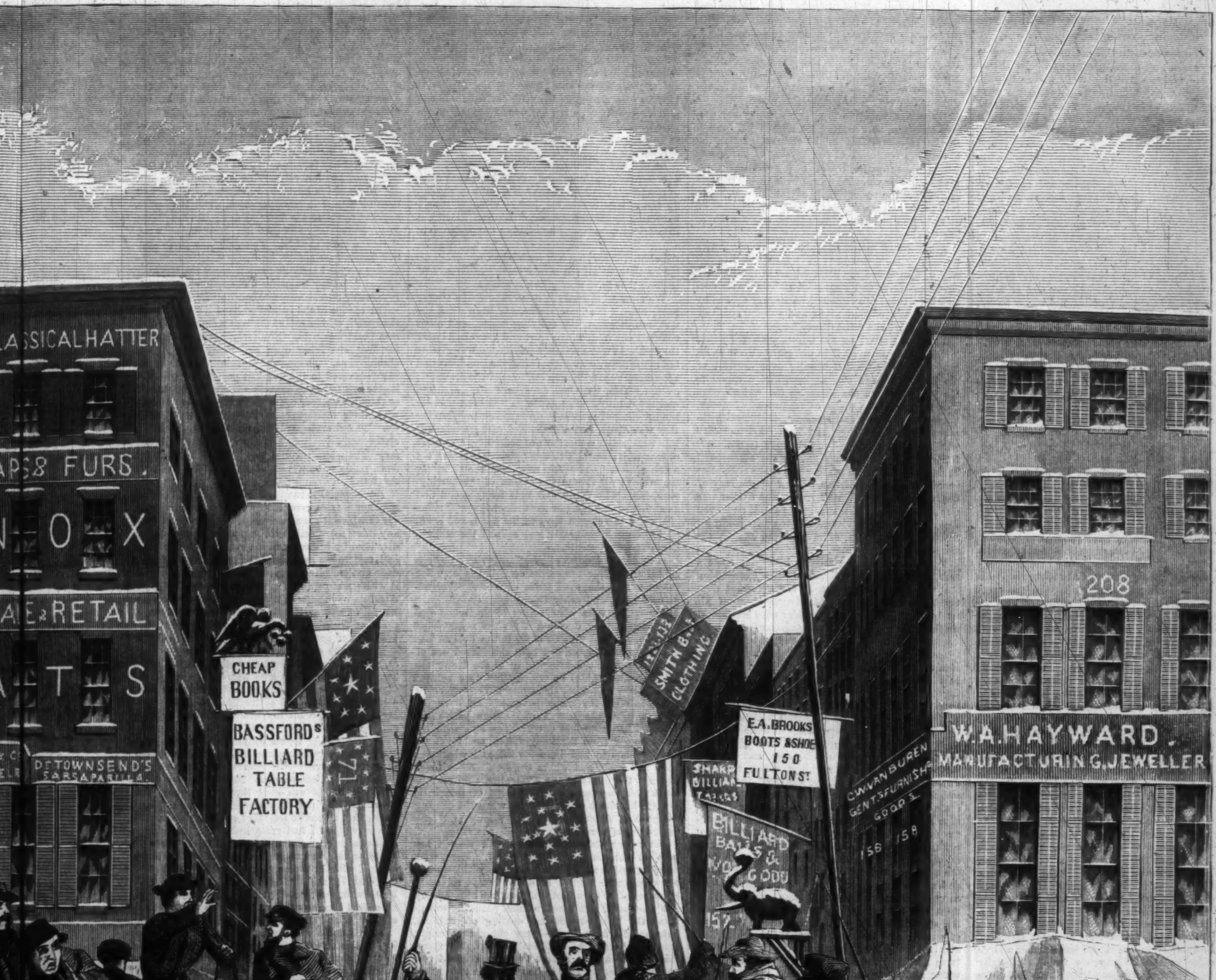
VIEW OF BROADWAY, OPPOSIT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APS & FURS.
N O X
AE & RETAIL
A T S
DR TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA
CHEAP BOOKS
BASSFORD's BILLIARD TABLE FACTORY
171
SMITH B… CLOTHING
E.A. BROOKS BOOTS & SHOES 150 FULTON ST.
SHARP BILLIARD TABLES
BILLIARD BALLS & IVORY GOODS 157
C. VAN BUREN GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS 156 158
208
W. A. HAYWARD MANUFACTURING JEWELLER
21st STREET BROADWAY

ITH FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

BROADWAY, OPPOSITE FULTON STREET.

The scene represented in the large picture on the preceding pages will at once be recognized by every one who has visited New York. Broadway, opposite Fulton Street, is, in its way, the most striking place in the United States. No other spot conveys so good an idea of the bustle and the stir of the great commercial city of America. Even in pleasant weather, when the streets are dry, and there is no temptation to encumber them with unusual vehicles, there is always a monstrous crush, and throng, and hurry, and noise, and clatter opposite Barnum's. But when snow has fallen, and has begun to melt; when, in addition to the omnibuses, the streets are crowded with sleighs, and the sleighing is so bad that many of these look as though they could not possibly be dragged through the mud; when the slush and the slime render walking a trial to booted men, and a cruel punishment to ladies; when, between the fear of being run over and the dread of soiling white underskirts, fair pedestrians suffer the agonies of death in endeavoring to cross Broadway at this central point; when the shouts of policemen mingle with the roar of omnibus-drivers, the shrieks of girls, the shrill cries of mischievous boys, the brass horns on the Museum balcony, and perhaps the hoarse rattle of a fire company in the distance, the scene then becomes one to be never forgotten. As such we hand it down to posterity.

THE

Uncommercial Traveler.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Allow me to introduce myself—first, negatively.

No landlord is my friend and brother, no chambermaid loves me, no waiter worships me, no boots admires and envies me. No round of beef or tongue or ham is expressly cooked for me, no pigeon-pie is especially made for me, no hotel-advertisement is personally addressed to me, no hotel-room tapestried with great-coats and railway-wrappers is set apart for me, no house of public entertainment in the United Kingdom greatly cares for my opinion of its brandy or its sherry. When I go upon my journeys, I am not usually rated at a low figure in the bill; when I come home from my journeys, I never get any commission. I know nothing about prices, and should have no idea, if I were put to it, how to wheedle a man into ordering something he doesn't want. As a town traveler, I am never to be seen driving a vehicle externally like a young and volatile piano-forte van, and internally like an oven in which a number of flat boxes are baking in layers. As a country traveler, I am rarely to be found in a gig, and am never to be encountered by a pleasure train, waiting on the platform of a branch station, quite a Druid in the midst of a light Stonehenge of samples.

And yet—proceeding now to introduce myself positively—I am both a town traveler and a country-traveler, and am always on the road. Figuratively speaking, I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy-goods way. Literally speaking, I am always wandering here and there from my rooms in Covent Garden, London—now about the city streets; now about the country by-roads—seeing many little things, and some great things, which, because they interest me, I think may interest others.

These are my brief credentials as the Uncommercial Traveler. Business is business, and I start.

Never had I seen a year going out, or going on, under quieter circumstances. Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine had but another day to live, and truly its end was Peace on that sea-shore that morning.

So settled and orderly was every thing seaward, in the bright light of the sun and under the transparent shadows of the clouds, that it was hard to imagine the bay otherwise, for years past or to come, than it was that very day. The Tug steamer lying a little off the shore, the Lighter lying still nearer to the shore, the boat alongside the Lighter, the regularly turning windlass aboard the Lighter, the methodical figures at work, all slowly and regularly heaving up and down with the breathing of the sea, all seemed as much a part of the nature of the place as the tide itself. The tide was on the flow, and had been for some two hours and a half; there was a slight obstruction in the sea within a few yards of my feet: as if the stump of a tree, with earth enough about it to keep it from lying horizontally on the water, had slipped a little from the land—and as I stood upon the beach and observed it dimpling the light swell that was coming in, I cast a stone over it.

So orderly, so quiet, so regular—the rising and falling of the Tug steamer, the Lighter, and the boat—the turning of the windlass—the coming in of the tide—that I myself seemed, to my own thinking, any thing but new to the spot. Yet, I had never seen it in my life, a minute before, and had traversed two hundred miles to get at it. That very morning I had come bowling down, and struggling up, hill-country roads; looking back at snowy summits; meeting courteous peasants, well to do, driving fat pigs and cattle to market; noting the neat and thrifty dwellings, with their unusual quantity of clean white linen drying on the bushes; having windy weather, suggested by every cotter's little rick, with its thatch straw-ridged and extra straw-ridged into overlapping compartments, like the back of a rhinoceros. Had I not given a lift of fourteen miles to the Coast-Guardsman (kit and all), who was coming to his spell of duty there, and had we not just now parted company? So it was; but the journey seemed to glide down into the placid sea, with other chafe and trouble, and for the moment nothing was so calmly and monotonously real under the sunlight as the gentle rising and falling of the water with its freight, the regular turning of the windlass aboard the Lighter, and the slight obstruction so very near my feet.

Oh reader, haply turning this page by the fire-side at Home, and hearing the night wind rumble in the chimney, that slight obstruction was the uppermost fragment of the Wreck of the *Royal Charter*, Australian trader and passenger ship, Homeward bound, that struck here on the terrible morning of the twenty-sixth of last October, broke into three parts, went down with her treasure of at least five hundred human lives, and has never stirred since!

From which point, or from which, she drove ashore, stern foremost; on which side, or on which, she passed the little island in the bay, for ages henceforth to be aground certain yards outside her; these are rendered bootless questions by the darkness of that night and the darkness of death. Here she went down.

Even as I stood on the beach, with the words "Here she went down!" in my ears, a diver in his grotesque dress dipped heavily over the side of the boat alongside the Lighter, and dropped to the bottom. On the shore by the water's edge was a rough tent, made of fragments of wreck, where other divers and workmen sheltered themselves, and where they had kept Christmas-day with rum and roast beef, to the destruction of their frail chimney. Cast up among the stones and boulders of the beach were great spars of the lost vessel, and masses of iron twisted by the fury of the sea into the strangest forms. The timber was already bleached and the iron rusted, and even these objects did no violence to the prevailing air the whole scene wore, of having been exactly the same for years and years.

Yet only two short months had gone since a man, living on the nearest hill-top overlooking the sea, being blown out of bed at about day-break by the wind that had begun to strip his roof off, and getting upon a ladder with his nearest neighbor to construct some temporary device for keeping his house over his head, saw, from the ladder's elevation as he looked down by chance toward the shore, some dark troubled object close in with the land. And he and the other descending to the beach, and finding the sea mercilessly beating over a great broken ship, had clambered up the stony ways like staircases without stairs, on which the wild village hangs in little clusters, as fruit hangs on boughs, and had given the alarm. And so, over the hill-slopes, and past the waterfall, and down the gullies where the land drains off into the ocean, the scattered quarrymen and fishermen inhabiting that part of Wales had come running to the dismal sight—their clergyman among them. And as they stood in the leaden morning, stricken with pity, leaning hard against the wind, their breath and vision often failing as the sleet and spray rushed at them from the ever forming and dissolving mountains of sea, and as the wool which was a part of the vessel's cargo blew in with the salt foam and remained upon the land when the foam melted, they saw the ship's life-boat put off from one of the heaps of wreck; and first, there were three men in her, and in a moment she capsized, and there were but two; and again, she was struck by a vast mass of water, and there was but one; and again, she was thrown bottom upward, and that one, with his arm struck through the broken planks and waving as if for the help that could never reach him, went down into the deep.

It was the clergyman himself from whom I heard this, while I stood on the shore, looking in his kind wholesome face as it turned to the spot where the boat had been. The divers were down then and busy. They were "lifting" to day, the gold found yesterday—some five-and-twenty thousand pounds. Of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds worth of gold three hundred thousand pounds worth, in round numbers, was at that time recovered. The great bulk of the remainder was surely and steadily coming up. Some loss of sovereigns there would be, of course; indeed, at first sovereigns had drifted in with the sand, and been scattered far and wide over the beach, like sea-shells; but most other golden treasure would be found. As it was brought up it went aboard the Tug steamer, where good account was taken of it. So tremendous had the force of the sea been when it broke the ship, that it had beaten one great ingot of gold, deep into a strong and heavy piece of her solid iron work: in which also several loose sovereigns that the ingot had swept in before it had been found, as firmly embedded as though the iron had been liquid when they were forced there. It had been remarked of such bodies come ashore, too, as had been seen by scientific men, that they had been stunned to death, and not suffocated. Observation, both of the internal change that had been wrought in them, and of their external expression, showed death to have been thus merciful and easy. The report was brought while I was holding such discourse on the beach, that no more bodies had come ashore since last night. It began to be very doubtful whether many more would be thrown up until the northeast winds of the early spring set in. Moreover, a great number of the passengers, and particularly the second-class women-passengers, were known to have been in the middle of the ship when she parted, and thus the collapsing wreck would have fallen upon them after yawning open, and would keep them down. A diver made known, even then, that he had come upon the body of a man, and had sought to release it from a great superincumbent weight; but that, finding he could not do so without mutilating the remains, he had left it where it was.

It was the kind and wholesome face I have made mention of as being then beside me that I had purposed to myself to see when I left home for Wales. I had heard of that clergyman as having buried many scores of the shipwrecked people; of his having opened his house and heart to their agonized friends; of his having used a most sweet and patient diligence, for weeks and weeks, in the performance of the forlornest offices that Man can render to his kind; of his having most tenderly and thoroughly devoted himself to the dead, and to those who were sorrowing for the dead. I had said to myself, "In the Christmas season of the year I should like to see that man!" And he had swung the gate of his little garden in coming out to meet me not half an hour ago.

So cheerful of spirit, and guiltless of affectation, as true practical Christianity ever is! I read more of the New Testament in the fresh, frank face going up the village beside me, in five minutes, than I have read in anathematizing discourses (albeit put to press with enormous flourishing of trumpets) in all my life. I heard more of the Sacred Book in the cordial voice that had nothing to say about its owner than in all the would-be celestial pairs of bellows that have ever blown conceit at me.

We climbed toward the little church at a cheery pace, among the loose stones, the deep mud, the wet, coarse grass, the outlying water, and other obstructions from which frost and snow had lately thawed. It was a mistake (my friend was glad to tell me on the way) to suppose that the peasantry had shown any superstitious avoidance of the drowned; on the whole, they had done very well, and had assisted readily. Ten shillings had been paid for the bringing of each body up to the church, but the way was steep, and a horse and cart (in which it was wrapped in a sheet) were necessary, and three or four men; and, all things considered, it was not a great price. The people were none the richer for the wreck; for it was the season of the herring-shoal—and who could cast nets for fish, and find dead men and women in the draught?

He had the church keys in his hand, and opened the churchyard-gate, and opened the church-door; and we went in.

It is a little church of great antiquity; there is reason to believe that some church has occupied the spot these thousand years or more. The pulpit was gone, and other things usually belonging to the church were gone, owing to its living congregation having deserted it for the neighboring school-room, and yielded it up to the dead. The very Commandments had been shouldered out of their places, in the bringing in of the dead; the black wooden tables on which they were painted were askew; and on the stone pavement below them, and on the stone pavement all over the church, were the marks and stains where the drowned had been laid down. The eye, with little or no aid from the imagination, could yet see how the bodies had been turned, and where the head had been, and where the feet. Some faded traces of the wreck of the Australian ship may be discernible on the stone pavement of this little church, hundreds of years hence, when the digging for gold in Australia shall have long and long ceased out of the land.

Forty-four shipwrecked men and women lay here at one time, awaiting burial. Here, with weeping and wailing in every room of his house, my companion worked alone for hours, solemnly surrounded by eyes that could not see him, and by lips that could not speak to him, patiently examining the tattered clothing, cutting off buttons, hair, marks from linen—any thing that might lead to subsequent identification—studying faces, looking for a scar, a bent finger, a crooked toe, comparing letters sent to him with the ruin about him. "My dearest brother had bright gray eyes and a pleasant smile," one sister wrote. Oh, poor sister! well for you to be far from here, and keep that as your last remembrance of him!

The ladies of the clergyman's family, his wife and two sisters-in-law, came in among the bodies often. It grew to be the business of their lives to do so. Any new arrival of a bereaved woman would stimulate their pity to compare the description brought with the dread realities. Sometimes they would go back able to say, "I have found him," or, "I think she lies there." Perhaps the mourner, unable to bear the sight of all that lay in the church, would be led in blindfold. Conducted to the spot with many compassionate words, and encouraged to look, she would say, with a piercing cry, "This is my boy!" and drop insensible on the insensible figure.

He soon observed that in some cases of women the identification of person, though complete, was quite at variance with the marks upon the linen; this led him to notice that even the marks upon the linen were sometimes inconsistent with one another; and thus he came to understand that they had dressed in great haste and agitation, and that their clothes had become mixed together. The identification of men by their dress was rendered extremely difficult, in consequence of a large proportion of them being dressed alike—in clothes of one kind—that is to say, supplied by slop-sellers and outfitters, and not made by single garments, but by hundreds. Many of the men were bringing over parrots, and had receipts upon them for the price of the birds; others had bills of exchange in their pockets, or in belts. Some of these documents, carefully unwrinkled and dried, were little less fresh in appearance that day than the present page will be, under ordinary circumstances, after having been opened three or four times.

In that lonely place it had not been easy to obtain even such common commodities in towns as ordinary disinfectants. Pitch had been burned in the church, as the readiest thing at hand, and the frying-pan in which it had bubbled over a brazier of coals was still there, with its ashes. Hard by the Communion Table were some boots that had been taken off the drowned and preserved—a gold-digger's boot, cut down the leg for its removal—a trodden-down man's ankle-boot, with a buff cloth top—and others—soaked and sandy, weedy and salt.

From the church we passed out into the church-yard. Here there lay, at that time, one hundred and forty-five bodies that had come ashore from the wreck. He had buried them, when not identified, in graves containing four each. He had numbered each body in a register describing it, and had placed a corresponding number on each coffin, and over each grave. Identified bodies he had buried singly, in private graves, in another part of the church-yard. Several bodies had been exhumed from the graves of four, as relatives had come from a distance and seen his register; and, when recognized, these had been reburied in private graves, so that the mourners might erect separate head-stones over the remains. In all such cases he had performed the funeral service a second time, and the ladies of his house had attended. There had been no offense in the poor ashes when they were brought again to the light of day; the beneficent Earth had already absorbed it. The drowned were buried in their clothes. To supply the great sudden demand for coffins, he had got all the neighboring people handy at tools to work the livelong day, and Sunday likewise. The coffins were neatly formed; I had seen two, waiting for occupants, under the lee of the ruined walls of a stone hut on the beach, within call of the tent where the Christmas Feast was held. Similarly, one of the graves for four was lying open and ready, here in the church-yard. So much of the scanty space was already devoted to the wrecked people that the villagers had begun to express uneasy doubts whether they themselves could lie in their own ground, with their forefathers and descendants, by-and-by. The church-yard being but a step from the clergyman's dwelling-house, we crossed to the latter. The white surplice was hanging up near the door, ready to be put on at any time for a funeral service.

The cheerful earnestness of this good Christian minister was as consolatory as the circumstances out of which it shone were sad. I never have seen any thing more delightfully genuine than the calm dismissal by himself and his household of all they had undergone as a simple duty that was quietly done and ended. In speaking of it, they spoke of it with great compassion for the bereaved, but laid no stress upon their own hard share in those weary weeks, except as it had attached many people to them as friends, and elicited many touching expressions of gratitude. This clergyman's brother—himself the clergyman of two adjoining parishes, who had buried thirty-four of the bodies in his own church-yard, and who had done to them all that his brother had done as to the larger number—must be understood as included in the family. He was there, with his neatly-arranged papers, and made no more account of his trouble than any body else did. Down to yesterday's post, outward, my clergyman alone had written one thousand and seventy-five letters to relatives and friends of the lost people. In the absence of all self-assertion, it was only through my now and then delicately putting a question, as the occasion arose, that I became informed of these things. It was only when I had remarked again and again, in the church, on the awful nature of the scene of death he had been required so closely to familiarize himself with for the soothing of the living, that he had casually said, without the least abatement of his cheerfulness, "indeed, it had rendered him unable for a time to eat or drink more than a little coffee now and then, and a piece of bread."

In this noble modesty, in this beautiful simplicity, in this serene avoidance of the least attempt to "improve" an occasion which might be supposed to have sunk of its own weight into my heart, I seemed to have happily come, in a few steps, from the church-yard with its open grave, which was the type of Death, to the Christian dwelling side by side with it, which was the type of Resurrection. I never shall think of the former without the latter. The two will always rest side by side in my memory. If I had lost any one dear to me in this unfortunate ship—if I made a voyage from Australia to look at the grave in the church-yard—I should go away thankful to God that that house was so close to it, and that its shadow by day, and its domestic lights by night, fell upon the earth in which its Master had so tenderly laid my dear one's head.

The references that naturally arose out of our conversation to the descriptions sent down of shipwrecked persons, and to the gratitude of relations and friends, made me very anxious to see some of those letters. I was presently seated before a shipwreck of papers, all bordered with black, and from them I made the following few extracts.

A mother writes:

> Reverend Sir,—Among the many who perished on your shore was numbered my beloved son. I was only just recovering from a severe illness, and this fearful affliction has caused a relapse; so that I am unable at present to go to identify the remains of the loved and lost. My darling son would have been sixteen on Christmas-day next. He was a most amiable and obedient child, early taught the way of salvation. We fondly hoped that, as a British seaman, he might be an ornament to his profession, but "it is well;" I feel assured my dear boy is now with the redeemed. Oh, he did not wish to go this last voyage! On the fifteenth of October I received a letter from him from Melbourne, dated August twelfth; he wrote in high spirits, and in conclusion he says: "Pray for a fair breeze, dear mamma, and I'll not forget to whistle for it; and, God permitting, I shall see you and all my little pets again. Good-by, dear mother—good-by, dearest parents. Good-by, dear brother." Oh, it was indeed an eternal farewell. I do not apologize for thus writing you, for oh! my heart is very sorrowful.

A husband writes:

> My dear, kind Sir.—Will you kindly inform me whether there are any initials upon the ring and guard you have in possession, found, as the *Standard* says, last Tuesday? Believe me, my dear Sir, when I say that I can not express my deep gratitude in words sufficiently for your kindness to me on that fearful and appalling day. Will you tell me what I can do for you, and will you write me a consoling letter, to prevent my mind from going astray?

A widow writes:

> Left in such a state as I am, my friends and I thought it best that my dear husband should be buried where he

lies, and, much as I should have liked to have had it otherwise, I must submit. I feel, from all I have heard of you, that you will see it done decently and in order. Little does it signify to us, when the soul has departed, where this poor body lies; but we who are left behind would do all we can to show how we loved them. This is denied me: but it is God's hand that afflicts us, and I try to submit. Some day I may be able to visit the spot, and see where he lies, and erect a simple stone to his memory. Oh! it will be long, long before I forget that dreadful night. Is there such a thing in the vicinity, or any shop in Bangor, to which I could send for a small picture of Moelfra or Llanaligo Church, a spot now sacred to me?

Another widow writes:

I have received your letter this morning, and do thank you most kindly for the interest you have taken about my dear husband, as well for the sentiments yours contains, evincing the spirit of a Christian who can sympathize for those who, like myself, are broken down with grief.

May God bless and sustain you, and all in connection with you, in this great trial! Time may roll on, and bear all its sons away, but your name as a disinterested person will stand in history; and, as successive years pass, many a widow will think of your noble conduct, and the tears of gratitude flow down many a cheek, the tribute of a thankful heart, when other things are forgotten forever.

A father writes:

I am at a loss to find words to sufficiently express my gratitude to you for your kindness to my son Richard upon the melancholy occasion of his visit to his dear brother's body, and also for your ready attention in pronouncing our beautiful burial service over my poor unfortunate son's remains. God grant that your prayers over him may reach the Mercy Seat, and that his soul may be received (through Christ's intercession) into heaven!

His dear mother begs me to convey to you her heartfelt thanks.

Those who were received at the clergyman's house write thus, after leaving it:

Dear and never-to-be-forgotten Friends,—I arrived here yesterday morning without accident, and am about to proceed to my home by railway.

I am overpowered when I think of you and your hospitable home. No words could speak language suited to my heart. I refrain. God reward you with the same measure you have meted with!

I enumerate no names, but embrace you all.

My beloved Friends,—This is the first day that I have been able to leave my bedroom since I returned, which will explain the reason of my not writing sooner.

If I could only have had my last melancholy hope realized in recovering the body of my beloved and lamented son, I should have returned home somewhat comforted, and I think I could then have been comparatively resigned.

I fear now there is but little prospect, and I mourn as one without hope.

The only consolation to my distressed mind is in my having been so feelingly allowed by you to leave the matter in your hands, by whom I well know that every thing will be done that can be, according to arrangements made before I left the scene of the awful catastrophe, both as to the identification of my dear son, and also his interment.

I feel most anxious to hear whether any thing fresh has transpired since I left you; will you add another to the many deep obligations I am under to you by writing to me? And should the body of my dear and unfortunate son be identified, let me hear from you immediately, and I will come again.

Words can not express the gratitude I feel I owe to you all for your benevolent aid, your kindness, and your sympathy.

My dearly beloved Friends,—I arrived in safety at my house yesterday, and a night's rest has restored and tranquilized me. I must again repeat that language has no words by which I can express my sense of obligation to you. You are enshrined in my heart of hearts.

I have seen him! and can now realize my misfortune more than I have hitherto been able to do. Oh, the bitterness of the cup I drink! But I bow submissive. God must have done right. I do not want to feel less, but to acquiesce more simply.

There were some Jewish passengers on board the *Royal Charter*, and the gratitude of the Jewish people is feelingly expressed in the following letter, bearing date from "the Office of the Chief Rabbi:"

Reverend Sir,—I can not refrain from expressing to you my heartfelt thanks on behalf of those of my flock whose relatives have unfortunately been among those who perished at the late wreck of the *Royal Charter*. You have, indeed, like Boaz, "not left off your kindness to the living and the dead."

You have not alone acted kindly toward the living by receiving them hospitably at your house, and energetically assisting them in their mournful duty, but also toward the dead, by exerting yourself to have our co-religionists buried in our ground, and according to our rites. May our heavenly Father reward you for your acts of humanity and true philanthropy!

The "Old Hebrew congregation of Liverpool," thus express themselves through their secretary:

Reverend Sir,—The wardens of this congregation have learned with great pleasure that, in addition to those indefatigable exertions, at the scene of the late disaster to the *Royal Charter*, which have received universal recognition, you have very benevolently employed your valuable efforts to assist such members of our faith as have sought the bodies of lost friends to give them burial in our consecrated grounds, with the observances and rites prescribed by the ordinances of our religion.

The wardens desire me to take the earliest available opportunity to offer to you, on behalf of our community, the expression of their warm acknowledgments and grateful thanks, and their sincere wishes for your continued welfare and prosperity.

A Jewish gentleman writes:

Reverend and dear Sir,—I take the opportunity of thanking you right earnestly for the promptness you displayed in answering my note with full particulars concerning my much-lamented brother, and I also herein beg to express my sincere regard for the willingness you displayed and for the facility you afforded for getting the remains of my poor brother exhumed. It has been to us a most sorrowful and painful event, but when we meet with such friends as yourself, it in a measure, somehow or other, abates that mental anguish, and makes the suffering so much easier to be borne. Considering the circumstances connected with my poor brother's fate, it does, indeed, appear a hard one. He had been away in all seven years; he returned four years ago to see his family. He was then engaged to a very amiable young lady. He had been very successful abroad, and was now returning to fulfill his sacred vow; he brought all his property with him in gold uninsured. We heard from him when the ship stopped at Queenstown, when he was in the highest of hope, and in a few short hours afterward all was washed away.

Mournful in the deepest degree, but too sacred for quotation here, were the numerous references to those miniatures of women worn round the necks of rough men (and found there after death), those locks of hair, those scraps of letters, those many, many slight memorials of hidden tenderness. One man cast up by the sea bore about him, printed on a perforated lace card, the following singular (and unavailing) charm:

A BLESSING.

May the blessing of God await thee. May the sun of glory shine around thy bed; and may the gates of plenty, honor, and happiness be ever open to thee. May no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights. May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams; and when length of years makes thee tired of earthly joys, and the curtain of death gently closes around thy last sleep of human existence, may the Angel of God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of life shall not receive one rude blast to hasten on its extinction!

A sailor had these devices on his right arm. "Our Saviour on the Cross, the forehead of the crucifix and the vesture stained red; on the lower part of the arm, a man and woman; on one side of the Cross, the appearance of a half moon, with a face; on the other side, the sun; on the top of the Cross, the letters I.H.S.; on the left arm, a man and woman dancing, with an effort to delineate the female's dress; under which, initials." Another seaman "had, on the lower part of the right arm, the device of a sailor and a female; the man holding the Union Jack with a streamer, the folds of which waved over her head, and the end of it was held in her hand. On the upper part of the arm, a device of Our Lord on the Cross, with stars surrounding the head of the Cross, and one large star on the side in Indian ink. On the left arm, a flag, a true lovers' knot, a face, and initials." This tattooing was found still plain, below the discolored outer surface of a mutilated arm, when such surface was carefully scraped away with a knife. It is not improbable that the perpetuation of this marking custom among seaman may be referred back to their desire to be identified, if drowned and flung ashore.

It was some time before I could sever myself from the many interesting papers on the table, and then I broke bread and drank wine with the kind family before I left them. As I had brought the Coast-Guard down, so I took the Postman back, with his leathern wallet, walking-stick, bugle, and terrier dog. Many a heart-broken letter had he brought to the Rectory House within two months; many a benignantly painstaking answer had he carried back.

As I rode along I thought of the many people, inhabitants of this mother country, who would make pilgrimages to the little church-yard in the years to come; I thought of the many people in Australia who would have an interest in such a shipwreck, and would find their way here when they visit the Old World; I thought of the writers of all the wreck of letters I had left upon the table; and I resolved to place this little record where it stands. Convocations, Conferences, Diocesan Epistles, and the like, will do a great deal for Religion, I dare say, and Heaven send they may! but I doubt if they will ever do their Master's service half so well, in all the time they last, as the Heavens have seen it done in this bleak spot upon the rugged coast of Wales.

Had I lost the friend of my life in the wreck of the *Royal Charter*; had I lost my betrothed, the more than friend of my life; had I lost my maiden daughter, had I lost my hopeful boy, had I lost my little child; I would kiss the hands that worked so busily and gently in the church, and say, "None better could have touched the form though it had lain at home." I could be sure of it, I could be thankful for it: I could be content to leave the grave near the house the good family pass in and out of every day, undisturbed, in the little church-yard where so many are so strangely brought together.

Without the name of the clergyman to whom—I hope, not without carrying comfort to some heart at some time—I have referred, my reference would be as nothing. He is the Reverend Stephen Roose Hughes, of Llanallgo, near Moelfra, Anglesey. His brother is the Reverend Hugh Robert Hughes, of Penrhos Alligwy.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The little maid was standing
With me where fell the moonbeams down;
Afar the strains of music
Came floating from the town.
And did the little maiden know
The thought that made me tremble so?

I saw the silken lashes
That hid her tender, tender eyes;
We listened to the music
That floated through the skies.
But did the little maiden know
The reason why I trembled so?

I longed with utter longing
To clasp her dainty, dainty waist:
Could e'er such bliss be mine
Such happiness to taste?
And did the little maiden know
The thought that made me tremble so?

All tremulously bending
Her lily, lily hand I took
Her slender form enfolding,
One only word I spoke:
It was so sweet to let her know
The reason why I trembled so.

OLD REES.

He was a little man, with high shoulders and stiff knees, and wore the livery of the deacon-house,[*] a long frieze coat, with the badge of the charity on the sleeve. As he walked slowly toward me, with the weight of nearly seventy years on his shoulders, I had time enough to perceive that something ailed him. As he came nearer, I perceived that his cheeks were very pale, his eyes dim, and that his whole bearing betokened sadness. As he passed by the arbor, instead of his usual cheerful, "A fine morning, Sir!" he silently took off his hat, and stumbled against the threshold.

"How goes it, Rees? Is any thing the matter with you, my friend?" I asked.

The old man looked up, astonished at the sound of that word "friend;" perhaps now, in his sixty-ninth year, he heard it applied to himself for the first time. A convulsive smile passed over his thin features; his gray eyes first lighted up, and then grew dim with tears. His whole countenance said: "I will trust you;" but his lips uttered only these words: "Hearken, Sir. Do you know little Rotas?"

I answered that I had not that honor.

"Did not Mr. Peter ever show him to you? The whole town knows little Rotas. He collects plenty of cents, I can tell you."

"But what about this man?" I asked.

"He's not a man at all; he's a dwarf, a regular dwarf, Sir; you might show him at a fair; but he's a wicked little wretch: he lives in the asylum, but he runs about the streets like a madman. He makes a great deal of money by his hump. When the children are coming home from school, they subscribe their cents, and little Rotas dances for them. He jumps about a stick like a monkey, and makes his hump look enormous. I have no hump, Sir," he added, with a sigh. I perceived that Rees was less jealous of the hump in itself than of the cents which it brought.

"I wish," he continued, in a melancholy tone, "I wish I had a hump. I should then have nothing to do; I could get plenty of cents by making the people in the streets laugh. But I would not drink," he said, changing his tone, as he took down the coat, and folded it up with much care—"no, I would not drink."

"Ah," he continued—"ah, Sir, you do not know it, but I am much more sad than angry. Little Rotas has done me a great injury; little Rotas is very spiteful. People," he continued, as he stooped to pick up a shoe-brush—"people think him mad, but he is only wicked. You know that in the asylum we are all poor people—as poor as those in the church-yard. I and a few others earn a little money, but it does us no good; we are obliged to bring it all to the *father*, and every week he gives us a trifle for pocket-money. Now, that is all quite right, Sir; for when I shall become old, and no longer able to earn a cent, I shall still get my little allowance. Look at these," he continued, drawing out a colored pocket-handkerchief, and tapping the cover of his snuff-box; "I bought them with my pocket-money."

It was touching to hear a man of sixty-nine say, "When I shall become old."

"Rotas," he went on, "receives his allowance also. But what does he do for it? Rotas does nothing but now and then pull up a few weeds in the street. He pretends to be a half-idiot; and when he gets a few cents from the children for dancing, he goes outside the town. But that is *his* affair," continued Rees, "and why need he have ruined me? You don't know what he did: I'll tell you, Sir. I had money, a great deal of money—I had twelve guilders."

"And how did you get them, Rees?"

"Honestly, Sir. I saved them up while I was messenger to an apothecary. Sometimes when I carried a bottle of medicine to some country-house in the neighborhood of the town, the master or the mistress would say: 'Give the poor man a ten-cent piece; 'tis bad weather.' And so by degrees I scraped together my twelve guilders. It was against the rules of the house; but I hid them next my heart."

"And wherefore? Had you really need of the money, or was it only for the pleasure of keeping it?"

"Ah, Sir," said the old man, shaking his head, "if I may make bold to say so, rich idlers can't understand it; the members of the council can't understand it, for they have no care about such things. Living and dying, every thing goes well with them. But listen to me. We are well-off in the house: the council are kind to us. On fast-days we get buttered rolls; and every three weeks an ox is provided by the will of some great nobleman who died long ago. We always get the meat chopped up into small pieces; and the managers of the asylum have a party, and eat the neat's tongue. We are very well-off; but a man, Sir, can't help thinking of his death."

"I trust you will be well-off also after your death, Rees," I replied.

"I hope so, Sir: in heaven there is nothing but happiness. But that is not what I meant. I want to have my body provided for—do you perceive?"

"How do you mean, Rees?"

"I'll tell you, Sir. As soon as we are dead they lay us on straw, and dress us in the linen of the house, just as when we were alive. Then they carry us to the church-yard, and bury us in the common grave. That is what I do not like. I want, when I am dead, not to have any charity-clothes about me."

He paused for a moment, and his eyes filled with tears. "I long," he resumed, "to lie in my own coffin—I can't well explain it—as I saw my father lie in his with his own clothes. I have never had a shirt which belonged to me—I would fain have a winding-sheet of my own."

I was greatly moved. Speak not of prejudices! The rich of this world have them by hundreds. This poor man could cheerfully endure every thing—meagre food, a hard bed, and, for his age, hard labor. He had no home; he was to have no special grave; all he desired was the assurance that his last vesture should belong to him.

"You see, then, Sir," he continued in a somewhat hoarse voice, "what the twelve guilders were for. It was a large sum; but I wanted something besides—I wished to be interred decently. I don't well understand these things, but I calculated four guilders for the linen, two guilders for the men who should bury me, and half a guilder each for the twelve men who should bear me to the grave. Was not that all well arranged? The apothecary's apprentice had written down all the directions for me on a piece of paper. I wrapped the twelve guilders up in it, and sewed the whole in a little leathern bag, which for the last thirty years I have worn next my heart. And now it is all gone!"

"Did Rotas steal it?" I inquired.

"No," replied Rees, rousing himself from the painful reverie in which his own last words had plunged him; "but he discovered I had it. His bed is next mine; so perhaps he saw it when I was dressing or undressing; or perhaps, during an illness that I had, I may have talked of it in my sleep, for it was always in my thoughts. Last Tuesday, you may remember, Sir, it rained all day, and Rotas did not get a single cent. The weather was so bad that the children could not stop in the street to look at him. All his pocket-money was spent; but he had a raging desire to go out." "Rees," said he to me after dinner, "lend me six cents." "Rotas," I replied, "I won't lend you money to spend in drinking." "Rees," said he, "I must have them." "Not from me," said I. "Rees," said he, "if you don't give me the money, I'll tell the father what you have hidden under your clothes." I felt that I grew as pale as a sheet, and I handed him the six cents. But I could not help saying, "Rotas, you're a rascal!" Whether that vexed him or not, I can't tell; but yesterday he got drunk; and while they were fastening the log to his leg, he shouted like a madman: "Rees has money—Rees has money! inside his shirt he hides it!" My comrades told me this when I came in. It was bedtime, and we all undressed in the men's dormitory. Rotas was already in bed, snoring like a pig. As soon as the others were asleep, I slipped the little bag from off my neck, and was going to hide it in the straw of my bolster; but before I had time to do so, the door opened, and in came the father, with a lantern in his hand. I fell back on my pillow, with the little bag in my hand, and stared at the light like an idiot. I felt every one of the father's footsteps fall on my heart. "Rees," said he, bending over me, "you have money, and you know very well it is quite against the rules of the house to keep it concealed." And he took the little bag out of my hand. "It is only for a shroud!" I cried, and I fell on my knees in the bed; but it was no use. "We will take care of it for you," said the father; and he opened the bag, and counted over the money carefully. My own dear burial money! I had not laid my own eyes on it since the day, thirty years before, when I sewed it up. "I swear to you," cried I again, "that I will spend it on nothing but a decent burial." "We will take care of that for you," said the father, and went away with the money and the lantern. "Rotas," I called out after him, "told you that!" I scarcely closed my eyes all night. That's all, Sir, I have to tell.

"Why do you not address a petition to the council?" I asked.

"No, no!" sobbed he, fumbling with his hand inside his vest, as though still searching for his money; "they will never return me my guilders."

"Come, Rees," said I, "you must and shall recover your money. I will speak to the gentlemen of the council; and we will see whether the rule can not for once be evaded in favor of an honest, respectable, old man like you. Cheer up, Rees, you *shall* get your guilders again."

"Shall I?" said the poor man, encouraged by my confident tone—"shall I really?"

I promised to do what I could, and made the requisite application. The president sent for the father, and dispatched him to convoke a meeting of the council. It was a most formal and solemn affair. First of all, Rees was summoned into the board-room, and then desired to withdraw; then the father was called in, and in like manner dismissed. Immediately ensued a grave deliberation, which lasted for an hour, and of which the result was, that the president referred the decision to the wisdom of the council; and the councilors, not to be outdone in politeness, professed themselves ready to be guided entirely by the opinion of the president.

However, as the matter could not rest there, the president at length delivered the decision in these words:

"That, in one point of view, it is right to restore the sum of money in question to Rees, on account of his exemplary conduct, and with the understanding that he will keep this money till his death, as safely as our excellent and indefatigable honorary treasurer"—here the honorary treasurer bowed—"but, on the other hand, it would not be well to encourage Rees in the idea that his money could possibly be safer in his own custody than in that of the before-named excellent treasurer."

Such was the categorical sentence of the president. The secretary, with some show of justice, ventured to observe that the decision was hardly sufficiently decisive, and demanded that the question "to restore or not to restore," should be put to the vote. Whereupon the treasurer had the magnanimity voluntarily to cede his right to the administration of the sum in question, and it was unanimously resolved that Rees should receive back his twelve guilders, wrapped up, as before, in their little leathern bag.

Two years longer old Rees wore his money next his heart. Last year, I visited the church-yard of D——, and it was sweet to me to know that there, in the common grave, slept a man who, through my means, had been decently borne to his last home by twelve comrades of his choice, and who had breathed his last in the cherished certainty of wearing his "own shroud."

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[*] An alms-house in Holland, for the reception of old men or women.

Perhaps Old Rees, in his dying hour, had a kindly thought of me.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

The critical condition of affairs in Italy has again brought the Pope to the surface, and we accordingly publish his portrait from a late photograph. It is of historic character at the present time.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Senegalia in 1792, and is consequently at the present time about 68 years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Ferretti. In early youth he was destined for the army, and it is said—though this has been denied—that he served some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her he loved, Mastai resigned his commission, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. This mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the Government at Rome. He shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won no little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazaroni, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and carriages and devoted the money to their use; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Ferretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contrived to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally understood that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini; Cardinal Ferretti was one of the scrutineers. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, as scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As Pope, Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the thousands of political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He encouraged the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. So novel a stand for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people ripened for revolt. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and appointed the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only too glad to fly, some time afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

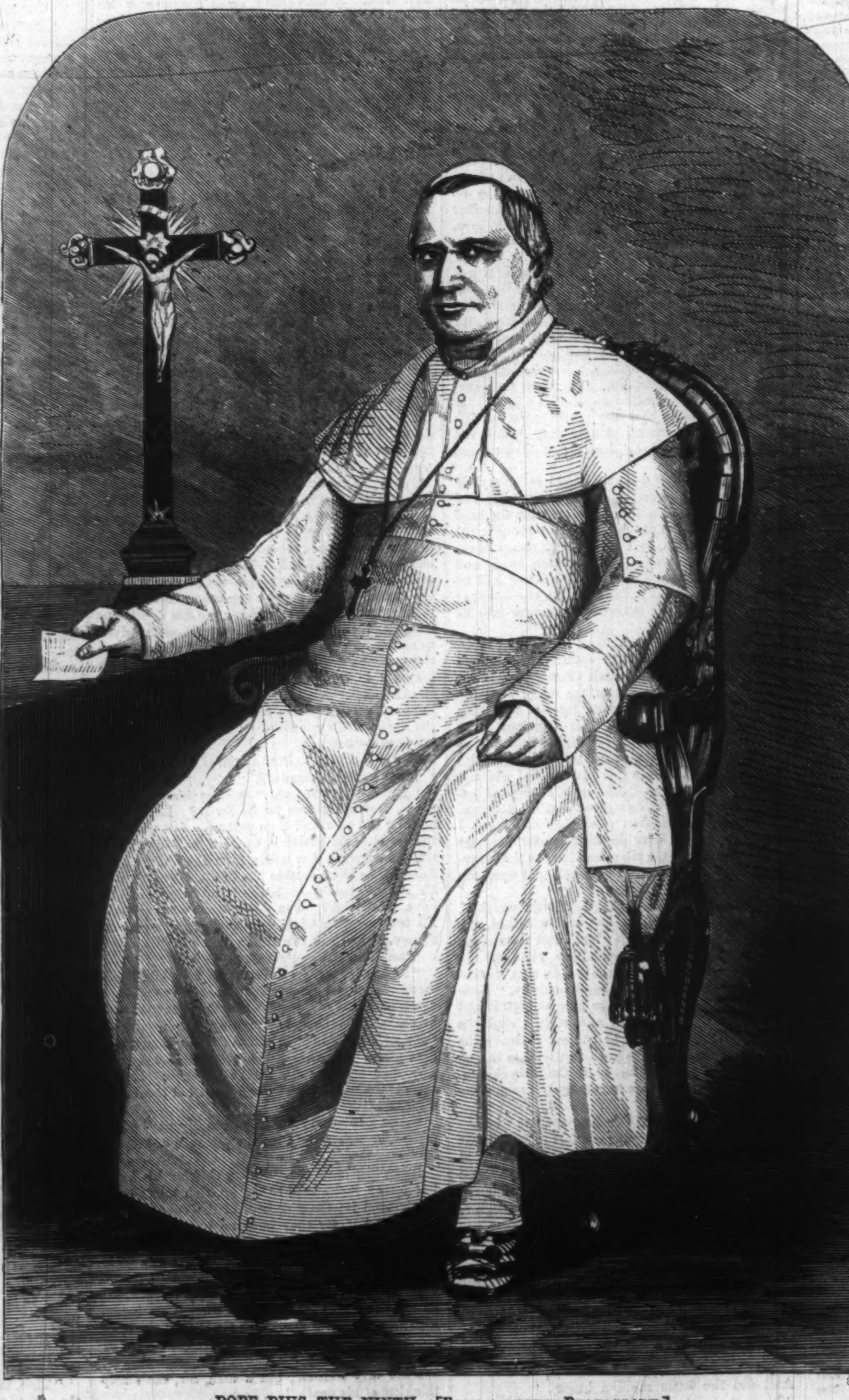
He made his escape to Gaeta, where for some months he held his court. At length, the Austrians and their despotic allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was restored by the French and Neapolitans. Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Were the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is due to truth to say that, since his restoration to power, Pope Pio Nono has evinced very little of the spirit which once won for him the good-will of liberal men throughout the world. Prior to 1859 his rule was despotic and as inefficient as that of any of his predecessors; robbery was an everyday matter in the Papal States; murder was common; and the jails, which contained but few assassins and thieves, were crammed with respectable persons accused of political offenses. When the war broke out the sympathies of the Pope were openly manifested on the side of tyranny and foreign domination; Pius was an Austrian to the backbone. Hailing from heaven above, he could not, of course, be expected to share the feelings of the Romans about Italian nationality. It needed more watchfulness than ever, on the part of the French General, to prevent the Pope's subjects sacking the Vatican.

When the war ended, the Emperor of the French proposed an Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head. To this Pius agreed; but with senile fatuity insisted, that, before any new arrangement were made, foreign troops should invade the revolted Romagna, and reduce to submission those of his subjects who, disgusted by the crimes of his government, and especially the massacre of Perugia, had expelled his legates and declared their independence. This was too much even for the Emperor of Austria—far too much for Louis Napoleon. The request of the Pope was civilly declined. Upon which the old man refused to have any thing to do with the Confederation.

Matters stand thus at present. On New-Year's Eve Napoleon wrote the Pope a wise, calm, and temperate letter, advising him to submit to fate, and to recognize the independence of the Romagna. On New-Year's Day, Pius, in his speech to the French general, called Napoleon a hypocrite, and all the other hard words he could remember. The world, judging between the two, does not decide in favor of the Pope.

As we said a few weeks since, the Papacy is a respectable institution, which many wise persons, out of regard for the past, would like to preserve from entire destruction. In his proper sphere the Pope can be of great use to civilization and Christianity. But if he can only be maintained by bombarding cities and slaughtering people who seek their mere rights; if the existence of his spiritual authority be inseparable from the perpetuation of the most loathsome and degrading despotism in Europe; it is not likely that the generous sentiments which induce men of all religions to feel sympathy for the Pope will stand the test, and our generation will probably see the overthrow of an institution which claims to date from St. Peter.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.—[From a recent Photograph.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The New Partner
IN
"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

Above stairs there was rattling and pounding of the door in great measure. There was fury and consternation; there was astonishment of the blankest kind; there was a whirl and clash of all sorts of fierce emotions. Luke Green was the only sober man in the room, and from him the company shaded down to Mangles, and imbecility through all grades of woeful unhelpfulness. Luke Green was the only sober man, I said. And this is true, meaning by sobriety freedom from liquor. For otherwise he seemed almost a madman. Finding it impossible to pull the door open, he first ran to the window, and peered anxiously down for an instant in perfect silence, as if not enduring to trust his eyes against his desire, when they told him that there was no portico roof upon which he could jump, nothing to break a fall of forty feet if he sought to get down by that way. But in less time than it has taken to relate this the mad fever-fit passed over, and the before-time coolness returned. Returning to his old manner, save that the placid eye now burned steadily with a strange unpleasant fire, he very coolly took a broad and heavy hunting-knife from the wall, where it hung as one of the sporting ornaments to Mr. Todds's room, inserted it between the door and the side-post, and throwing all his weight into one lunge against the handle, burst out the socket that received the bolt, and flung the door wide open.

Then whispering hurriedly to Todds, the soberest of all present, both from his naturally hard head and the present excitement, that no one must follow him, he was soon on the track of the fugitive, separated from him only by a little more than a hundred seconds.

And now with great pleasure leaving the party, some of them condoling over Luke Green, some of them vituperating Ernest, many of them with difficulty restrained by Mr. Todds from joining the pursuit with hue and cry, and all finally concluding to take a little more punch by way of expressing their sympathy, we follow the two who took their sudden departure before us, and in the order of their exit, into the open air.

The moment that Ernest reached the street he walked very quietly around the nearest corner, and then, seeing that the way was clear as far as the eye could reach, all Cheswick having been fast asleep since midnight, now two hours ago, made at his utmost speed for his lodgings. Letting himself in softly with his night key, he hurried to the chamber provided for little Filkins, woke him, told him to dress himself more rapidly than that operation had ever been performed in his life, and to meet him at the willow clump just across the brook, which we before indicated as the observatory of Nora Manton. Then putting into a valise the little rosewood box which held his relics, and which through all his life-journeying had never once left him, the letter-book, and a bundle of papers carefully sealed and tape-bound, he passed out of the back door, across the little yard that led to the water, then by stepping-stones over the brook, and rested at last, sitting down on the broad roots of the tree appointed for his tryst with little Filkins.

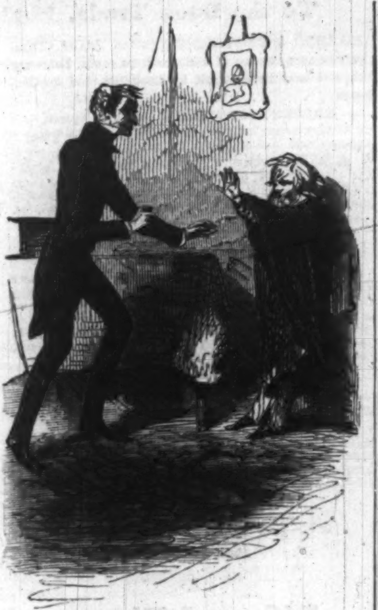
Thus situated, it was impossible for any one from the house to see him, the yellow-brown, burly trunks of the clump giving no relief whatever in that dim night light to his face as it looked between them, while he could see with perfect ease up into his own window, and hear with distinctness, should that be necessary, any thing that might be said loudly on the other side of its lifted sash.

Probably, thought he, Luke Green will make directly for my rooms. Probably also, he will find some difficulty in discovering the house, knowing it only by hearsay—call that two minutes' delay. He is infuriated, but—no, I don't think he will dare to break the front door, he will ring—count three minutes more for arousing some one to let him in: he will then, I suppose, sit down in my arm-chair, finding that I am not in, and wait till I return. May he find plenty to amuse him till then! At any rate, Filkins has five minutes to dress in: if he hurries as I told him, he will reach here before Green comes. Heaven grant he *may!*

As these ideas revolved rapidly through his mind, he believed he heard the front bell of the old house ringing. He listened—it *did* ring—it was pulled again and again—it rang violently. There could be no doubt who was at the door, and he almost stilled the beating of his heart to hear what would come next, to know how little Filkins would get off.

Of a sudden the bell stopped, and in a moment more he heard loud voices in his own room. A broad lamplight flared through his window, striking the willow for an instant and making Ernest stoop still lower that he might not be discovered. Then two figures appeared at the window, both in earnest conversation—they turned about and faced him, with the lamp directly on their faces.

One was Luke Green, his under-jaw set as if it were holding the throat of his worst enemy, his eyes shining with a cold, merciless, motionless glare, like the glint of a moon-struck iceberg. The other was—Gracious Heavens! could the fellow be mad?—little Filkins! But not *au naturel*—in the same dress which he had worn when first on that day he appeared to Ernest—the bravo's long cloak wrapping him from head to foot, the venerable beard and wig sitting snugly to his face—the little man was talking in his most voluble manner, and gesticulating like one frenzied. He would certainly betray himself, and then, he was in Luke Green's power. What could that poor little masker do, if unmasked, against the superintendent's infuriate calmness? He would be crunched like a robin's leg in the mouth of a cat. "God help him!" said Ernest, almost resolved to go to his help before the crisis came; "how *could* he risk it?"



"HE STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND, AND CAME TOWARD ME LIKE A TIGER."

Leave the little holder of responsibility alone for that. The light moved away, and with it Ernest saw Green disappear from the room, little Filkins leaning on his arm and going gingerly, like a rusty-jointed old man, the right hand firmly grasping the knotty cudgel with which he had arrived that afternoon. Ernest had listened intently, but not one word had he heard from which to gain a clew as to how matters were shaping, so low had little Filkins spoken, with all his volubility.

The light did not return. At last Ernest gave up expecting it, and teased his mind no more, resolutely banishing the thought of what had become of his zealous little coadjutor, and saying to himself, "If it is best that he should be kept, he will be kept safe. I have done all I can do—let me not throw off of its balance by vexatious repinings the mind that may presently need to be calm for some new exigency." With this very philosophical reasoning, and determining to wait at the willow for Filkins until that course should be made absolutely dangerous by the perfect breaking of the now faintly heralded dawn, he steadily turned his thought out of its recent channel.

CHAPTER VII.

IN WHICH THE EX-SECOND BOOK-KEEPER BALANCES PART OF HIS ACCOUNT WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT.

THE young man grew quite absorbed in this thinking, and, meanwhile, the sky, which waits not for even those who love it best, grew nearer and nearer toward that degree of light which it would have been dangerous for Ernest to remain in, when he was hurried with one leap back into this world of sense wherein our physical legs must walk, albeit those of Messeigneurs our souls find in quite other paths the highest delectation. Behind him there came a splashing, a puffing, and an inarticulate vagrant noise generally, which, in a more Oriental region, would have indicated the passage of a small herd of elephants across a body of water. Ernest drew himself closer behind the willow clump, that the invader, if hostile, might not see him, and waited to know what would follow. The next thing perceptible was a venerable beard spread out upon the surface of the brook like some rare and luxuriant specimen of sea-weed—a long black cloak floating down the ripples below it—and entangled in all, the face of little Filkins looking out in the most imploring and abject manner for help. He had slipped off the stepping-stones in his haste to get across, and was now on all fours in the bed of the brook, crawling ashore as well as he could with his embarrassment in the way of costume thick upon him.

"Phew!" cried little Filkins, warping himself in by aid of a long willow root-fibre and climbing up by Ernest's hand—"phew! *isn't* responsibility a weight, though? I was awful scared for fear you'd go off without me; but I came as quick as I could, and missing a stone, went down, kersozzle! Water *is* awful wet, ain't it? Bad as liquor to stand up under when there's too much of it. But never mind; 'I'll dry it on,' as the Dutchman said when they asked him if he could see the bottom of a lager barrel before sundown. Take it all in all, I don't dislike responsibility; but Lord! ain't it a weight?"

"I'm very glad you're here," said Ernest; "I shouldn't have been able to wait much longer. From what I know of Luke Green he will not be very much in haste to invoke the civil aid in our pursuit, the majesty of the law being an extremely disagreeable acquaintance in prospective if he expects to get his deserts, as I judge from a few recent indications; but he is quite desperate just now, and would not hesitate at any means lying in his own private power to stop us. And though I can not say that I should run from him if he confronted me on the road I was taking, I should still prefer to let him choose a road that didn't intersect mine. So far I have got along without resorting to the defenses I did possess, though, if the key hadn't been on the outside of Todds's door to-night fortunately, Green might have come after me quickly enough to make it necessary to show them."

"What was the row? What are the defenses?" said Filkins; "what are they?"

"I never show them unless it is necessary," replied Ernest.

"Lord, what a responsibility!" exclaimed the little man.

"We must now," continued Ernest, "strike right across the fields for Duxbury station; it's just four miles by the road, and as we shall have to climb fences a good deal this way, we won't shorten that distance much. The down night-owl train reaches here at half past four, and Green will, most like, go down to see if I get on. It's half past three now by my watch, and I suppose we had better allow the eight or ten minutes it takes to run between here and Duxbury for difference of time-pieces. Can you walk four miles an hour?"

"If I can't I can trot it. Jehoshaphat! I feel so responsible I could go there with you on my back in about fifteen minutes."

"I thought responsibility was such a burden," said Ernest, smiling.

"Responsibility," rejoined the little man, assuming that thoughtful manner which was his wont when about to become metaphorical and didactic—"responsibility is a steam-engine. It's a devilish heavy thing of itself; a great, thumping, lazy, overgrown, pot-bellied machine; looking for all the world like a cooking-stove belonging to the Goliath family, on wheels. You look at it—you're struck with *weight;* that's the prevailing impression. It don't look as if there was any *go* in it; but put the steam on and, Jiminy! how it does squizzle! Well, d'ye see? I'm responsibility; you're steam. By Julius Cæsar, I could go any where for you, Beckford!"

Ernest's only answer for a moment was to take the hand of the enthusiastic little figure beside him and give it a most affectionate squeeze, which was reciprocated warmly. And then, as they strode briskly along, putting Cheswick, with all its risks, more and more behind them, he said:

"I have never been happier at the result of any word I ever spoke than I have been in what I said to you once. God bless you, my dear fellow! And now, how in the world did you manage with Green? How did you stay so long? And how did you get here at all? Tell me all about what has happened."

"Well, you see, in the first place, I had hardly got my wits waked up—I believe they always lie abed about five minutes longer than my body—and didn't exactly understand who it was you said would be there so devilish quick, and whom I must hurry to be out of the way of, when of a sudden there came a pull at that front bell as if some gentleman of an original turn of mind was trying to jerk the front of the house off like a blower from a grate and thought that was the handle. Says I to myself, being rather confused, that's Beckford come back again; so I just fastened up these old stage breeches as quick as I could, and clapped on my beard and wig to look scrumptious, and threw the cloak around me to hide my lack of upper crust, and, taking the lamp in my hand, ran down stairs to let *you* in. Just then I thought who it was you said was coming; and, phew! hadn't I a mind to mizzle back and let the house do its own door-opening! But he'd seen me through the side-lights already, and there was nothing left but to go straight on. I was on the third step from the bottom, and between that and the door this idea popped into my head. It wasn't likely that Green would know the humble individual you board with; not he, he's not in that walk of life you know; stocks and discount hold up their noses at tea and sugar; so says I, I'll be old Spicer, and in this rig he won't know me for any thing else. So I hobbled to the door, and tried to look as I thought a small grocer would be likely to feel under the circumstances, while I was pretending to fumble for the key. I ain't sure whether I did old Spicer natural; but at any rate he did, for when I got the door open at last, Green never looked as if he suspicioned any thing but only said, 'Does a young gentleman named Beckford live here?' Lord, how he shut his teeth on the Beckford; as if it were a gum ring and he a baby teething, and how awful white he was in the face! 'Yes, *Sir*,' says I, making believe cross as a hen with her head cut off; 'and a pretty time of night this is to call on him!' 'Is he in?' said Green. 'No, he isn't!' I answered very short, for be husky as I could I was afraid he'd be struck with the idea that he'd heard my voice before. 'Do you know where he is?' he went on, just as calm and steady as could be, like a parson asking questions to a Sunday-school. Now what the deuce could I tell him? I didn't know any thing about where you'd spent your evening, how you'd met Green, or what the matter was between you and him. I only guessed by the little I caught from you, when I stood blinking at the lamp as you woke me up, that you weren't particular to entertain him just now. And the remarkably kind and anxious way he asked after you, as if you were just getting over a sickness and he'd brought you some calves-foot jelly, strengthened me in the opinion that, as the poet says, affection could brook delay."

"Was he alone?"

"I guess so. I didn't see any body with him, and he didn't mention any one."

"Very well, I hardly expected he'd care to bring his friends. But I interrupted you?"

"Oh, all right! I was going on to say that the next thing was to think where I should tell him you were. The fancy came into my head that I'd play him a little trick, that would be for the benefit of both of us, take him off of your track and come up with him, *very mildly*, on some old scores I've got against him. Not that any *trick* would pay every thing up I owe the scurvy rascal! Lord, no! But to go on: I said to him, in a sort of broken-down voice, and like an old gentleman that hated dreadfully to go up stairs, 'Well, come up to Mr. Beckford's room, and sit down, and I'll see if I can find out where he has gone. He's a very good lodger, that young man is, and he always leaves a note to me in his room somewhere, when he's going to stay out all night, to tell me where he sleeps, and how soon he's coming back, so that my mind may be easy, in case of accident, you know! With that we went up into your room together, he looking at me pretty sharply over his shoulder, for I made him go ahead. I tell you, I ain't the man that like's to have Luke Green behind me! When we got up there I fussed around every where, making believe look for the note which had got mislaid, probably, and all the time thinking where I'd take him to find you. 'Let me help you,' says Luke Green, in oh! such a helpful voice, like a mother! 'No, thank you,' says I, very crusty, 'I can look myself.' 'No trouble in the world,' said he, gentle as before, and began to rummage the room, gliding about all over like a cat. Pretty soon he stooped down, and what do you think he brought out from under the bed?"

"I'm sure I can't tell. A pair of old boots, perhaps."

"No! boots aren't a circumstance. Falstaff's stomach! I left it there, you know, this afternoon; and out it came with those goggles of mine on top of it. 'A pretty fellow you are,' said I, just as soon as I could catch my breath, 'to go and muss over a gentleman's life-preserver that he always takes out with him when he goes a fishing!' 'And I suppose,' answered Mr. Green, with that pleasant cool smile of his that he could drink water and sugar with and make it very good lemonade—'I suppose these are what he wears on his eyes to keep off the glare of the water!' holding up the goggles at the same time. I felt so flummixed for a minute for fear that, not swallowing the life-preserver, he would get to suspicion every thing, that I didn't know whether I stood on my head or my feet. But just then I had an idea strike me and pretended to find the note. 'Sit down,' says I, 'and let me see what he says.' Then I pretended to read something like this: 'Dear Mr. Spicer, I expect to spend the night till quite late with Luke Green.'

"'No Mister?' asked Green, rather sharply. 'Devil a Mister,' says I, and went on. 'And after I get through with him—if I'm not assassinated by that time, for he's a d—d rascal—'

"'Does it say that?' cried Green, starting to his feet, and the little blood there was left in his face going out of it—'does it say that? Let me see the letter!' and he stretched out his hand, and came toward me like a tiger. I put my hand behind my back, leaned against the wall, and looking him full in the eye with an astonished sort of gaze, said, 'Why, do *you* know this Green?'

"'Oh no,' said Green, sitting down quietly and putting on a face like a deacon, with an effort that took all the ice and brass that even *he* has; 'only I thought it was queer language for a *lovely Christian character* like Mr. Beckford to use.'

"That was a little too much for my constitution, from *him*—such a lovely Christian character himself—and—forgive the expression—but I snorted right out. Then came a sight that I'll bet nobody but me ever saw. You've seen the Alps, haven't you?"

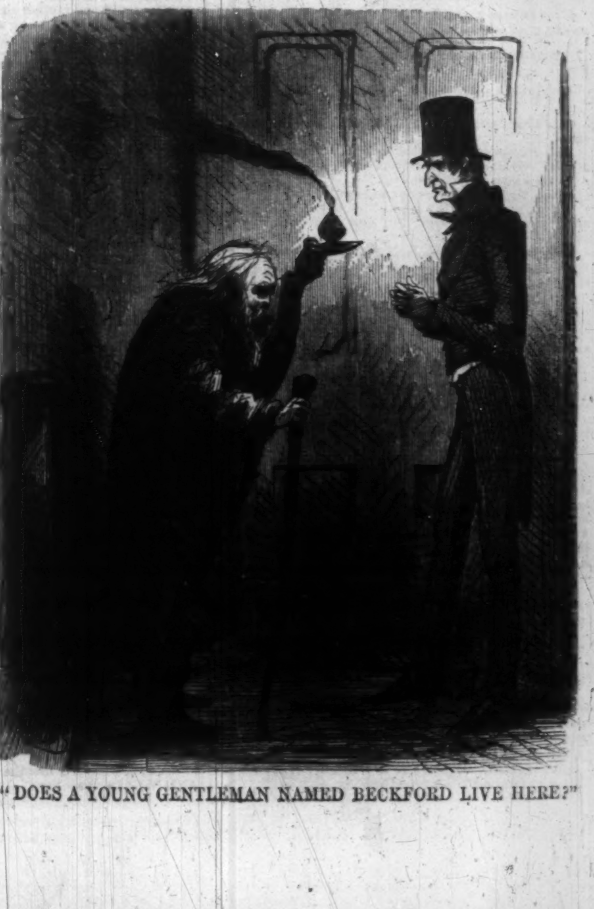
"Yes."

"Well, I've seen Luke Green *blush*. He actually did do that thing; and then said he, 'What are you laughing at, Mr. Spicer?' in a confused sort of way. I pretended to be reading the piece of paper I had in my hands very hard, and then gave another laugh to cover the first. 'I'm laughing,' says I, 'to think what a wag that Beckford is—Hoh-ho-he-he!' 'What's the joke?' says he, very sympathizingly; 'I enjoy a joke myself.' 'And you're sure you won't tell any one?' 'Perfectly! oh, of course not.' 'Well, you see, he says this Green, whoever he is, may come for him some time within the course of the next twenty-four hours, and he don't care to see him. So I'm to tell him that he's gone to — but, oh! look here! perhaps I oughtn't to tell you any thing about this. You're sure *you* ain't?' 'My dear Mr. Spicer, how absurd!' says Green, hardly able to keep his face ice over that boiling-water heart of his; 'I don't recollect having ever heard of the individual. Is he a Hartford Green? or is he one of the Greens of Cambridge? — My name's Simmons — Alonzo Simmons, of Mobile. I married Ernest's father's sister, and I'm anxious to see him because I leave in the early train, and I shall miss him now.' As he said this the reprobate wiped his eyes with his handkerchief as if stanching the tears of disappointed consanguinity. I let him think he'd fooled me, whatever comfort that was to him, and went on to say, keeping up a simple, half-silly, and cross-old-man's voice, 'Oh, well, then there can't be any harm in telling you. Mr. Beckford tells me to say to this Green that he's gone to New York, and all the time, d'ye see, he'll be really only twenty miles from here, out in the country, at the Corn and Pumpkin Tavern, in Huddlesfield! Ha-ha! ho-ho-he-he! First-rate,' says I, 'ain't it?' 'Capital,' said Green; 'I never heard of any thing so good. How this Green will be sold, heh?' 'Is this Green *really* such a great rascal?' said I, innocent as a lamb. 'Any body that can be made such a great fool,' said he, smiling like a death's-head with his teeth shut tight, 'oughtn't to be a great rascal too, by common philosophy.' With that he concluded that he would leave—told Mr. Spicer to give Mr. Beckford his uncle Alonzo's love (which duty that venerable grocer now performs with sympathetic tears in his eyes)—and then started down stairs, as nearly on the spring as consistent with your father's sister's husband's dignity. I waited till he got out of sight down the street—and then stole over to the back wall of Grant's livery stable yard. I thought I hadn't misscented my fox, and sure enough there he came, around by the side streets, two minutes after. I heard him order a horse to be put into a light wagon for Huddlesfield—saw him start—and by this time he's breathing the gray mare that Bradby broke a sulky with last summer up Two-mile Hill. You know the rest. I came to the willow as quick as possible, refreshing myself with a bath on the way. I thought I wouldn't tell you about there being no danger of seeing Green in getting on the cars at Cheswick, because the walk down here is just what I wanted—being damp, and also full of responsibility. In fact, I don't feel as if I could sit still! Well, what do you think of the night's work? Pretty good, heh? If a fellow, to quote Mr. Green, could make 'a great fool out of a great rascal' every day, wouldn't it be worth while to be responsible all the time?"

It is a great sin, verily, O brother Bee-Line, I agree with thee, to encourage that in others which thou wouldst not do thyself; but hast thou never—I put it to thy candor—felt thy ribs titillated with a not undelectable sympathetic cachinnation, and the muscles of thy mouth draw up relaxed by a somewhat worldly lickerishness at the corners, as thou readest in Liber Genesis, cap. xxx., of one Jacobus, and how, in the matter of certain ring-streaked, spotted, and speckled animals of a domestic nature, he obtained the windward side of that parlous knave Laban, and got his rights by a species of redress which, if not known to Blackstone, was still a most felicitous short cut across the school-moralities to natural justice? Thou wouldst not, O Bee-Line, have played thy scurvy father-in-law that trick; but dost thou not somewhat rejoice when Jacob has got well through with it; clap the hands at the adroit patriarch across the gulf of a few thousand years or so, and cry "Hurrah! Evoe Jacobe! Good for thee, thou trump and father of the faithful!"

Then blame not Ernest that, although he might not have taken *that* method to outwit Luke Green, his only answer to little Filkin's story was not a sermon but a hearty laugh, and a hug which showed the small repositor of responsibility in what estimation his patron held the qualities of sincere faithfulness, quick-wittedness, and personal, grateful affection.

Thus they reached Duxbury, and together took the train.



"DOES A YOUNG GENTLEMAN NAMED BECKFORD LIVE HERE?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I SEND you," writes a friend, "the following extract from an advertisement, picked up in a country tavern some years ago, for preservation. Its author was the elder son of a worthy Baptist minister, and at one time considered a wealthy farmer, in one of our river counties:

"'VANDUE.

"'The subcriber will ofer for sall on the 13 day of April 188- at 10 oclock on that day the fowling article Two to horse slays an one pleasure slay two logs chain an one drag an two stet of drags teeth . . . . . and some other article to numerous too mention will be sold on 6 months credit for approve notes Awl sum under one dollars cash down one cart'"

"The legal profession in the West are not ignorant of the real ignorance but *imaginary* smartness of their justices of the peace. There is a type of this class residing within a hundred miles of this place, whose proceedings are sometimes sufficiently rich to merit reporting.

"Recently an outlandish wretch was arraigned before the Squire, charged with 'assault and battery.' It appeared from the evidence that the prisoner had violently *pushed* the prosecuting witness down, seized him by the hair, and literally *pulled* out a whole handful. After argument of the learned counsel, it was decided by his Honor that the action could not be sustained, for the reason that *pushing* was not *assaulting*, and that *pulling* was not *battering!* The prisoner was discharged.

"At another time a man was brought before him charged with perjury. It appeared from the evidence that the defendant, in compliance with the laws of this State, had verified a certain complaint or 'declaration' in a civil action, which complaint he knew at the time contained material allegations which were false. The defendant admitted that he knew the allegations sworn to by him were not true; but he justified himself by declaring that the practice in lawsuits was to let the lawyer put any and every thing in the 'declaration,' whether it was true or not—*like they did in New York*—and that swearing to it was *only a matter of form!* The justice was satisfied with the explanation, and the prisoner was discharged."

A fond parent sends this smart saying of his little four-year old:

"Little Charlie came to the table very hungry, and he had his fork in a potato, and the potato transferred to his plate, before he thought of the usual 'blessing.' Looking up to his father he says, 'Pa, you talks to Heaven while I mashes my potato.' His hunger made him wish to improve every moment."

EPITAPH ON A TOMB-STONE IN THE OLD GRAVE-YARD OF A WESTERN CITY.

"My son, thou hast gone to sleep
In the far-distant West.
Thy friends, they for you do weep
Who reside at the East."

Aunt E—— was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," says Eddy; "but the old hen always goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR A MISSISSIPPI SCHOOL-TEACHER.

A roving young gentleman, without employment and money, concluded to take to school-teaching as a means of livelihood. He accordingly applied to the trustees of a country school, when the following conversation took place:

TRUSTEE. "What studies do you teach?"

The applicant indicated his qualifications by the following reply:

"I will teach them any thing you want—from A, B, C to a good game of draw-poker."

He was immediately accepted and inducted.

An old man was once selling, in Knoxville, Tennessee, a lot of books, part of the effects of a college professor lately deceased. Taking up a volume, he asked what it was, and was told it was a Greek Lexicon. "Here, gentlemen, is a Lexington, a Lexington. Who'll give me a bid for this Lexington? It is not Lexington in Kentucky, nor Lexington in Virginia, but it is a Greek Lexington."

On the line of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad, and over the Wisconsin River, is a bridge of some length. For greater safety the Company require the trains to slacken their speed when crossing. To govern the engineer, a sign-board is placed beside the track, some distance from the bridge, and marked "SLOW." Some one, either a wag or a desperate creditor of the corporation, has painted, in addition, the word "*pay*," and prefixed a "D——."

"Going to leave, Mary?"

"Yes, mum; I find I am very discontented."

"If there is any thing I can do to make you more comfortable, let me know."

"No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your figger to my figger, no mor'n I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missus's clothes fitted 'xactly."

What part of a ship is like a farmer?—The tiller.

If corns were hereditary, they might properly be called patrimonial achers.

"That's a flame of mine," as the bellows said to the fire.

What is the oldest tree in England?—The elder-tree.

As a specimen of the utility of logic, we give the following:

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a college, and asked the question,

"Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt answer.

"How, Sir," cried the amazed professor, "*can* a man see without eyes? Pray, Sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with *one*, Sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphysics.

Every body in the "profession" knows G——e, the great man-monkey, and every body that knows this agile individual also knows that the expletives of language are as familiar to his ear as household words. Monsieur is not particular either in using them. We will give a specimen number. A few years ago G——e was engaged to perform in a pantomime in one of our city theatres, the manager of which is the very model of deportment—a perfect Turveydrop. On a particular night G——e had laid out upon a table at the wing certain "properties" he would want in the progress of the piece, so that they would be ready when he should come quickly from the stage. G——e was playing; and the property man, wandering about on duty, came across these properties, and, supposing them out of place, returned them to the property room. Presently G——e jumped off to his table: it was empty; but at its side stood Mr. Manager. With horror and astonishment written all over him G——e screamed out,

"Where's the blasted *slums?*"

"Where are the blasted slums?" echoed Mr. Turveydrop, with a Chesterfieldian courtesy, addressing a boy standing by.

G——e stared, and bellowed, "Where's the d—n *fakements?*"

"Mr. G——e requires the d—n fakements," repeated Turveydrop.

G——e stared fiercely again the emblem of suavity, and then, time being up, leaped back on the stage with a single shout of derision. There are no words to express this scene. Language is weak.

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it it may soon run itself out of breath.

A HIGH RENT.—A hole in the crown of your hat.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf persons?—Because we can not make them here.

A friend was remarking the other day about Shakspeare sacrificing *grammar* to *metre* when he makes Mark Antony say, "This is the *most unkindest* cut of all," when a by-stander explained it by saying that Antony being a Roman could not be expected to *understand English grammar* perfectly!

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting. Now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game."

"Just so. I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is the more hunting you have."

An editor says that the only reason why his house was not blown away during the late gale was, because there was a heavy mortgage upon it!

Mr. Sergeant Gardiner, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him he was afraid he had but a *lame* cause of it.

"Oh, my lord," said the sergeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as *plain* as the *nose* on your face!"

A lecturer, addressing a Mechanics' Institute, contended, with tiresome prolixity, that "Art could not improve Nature," until one of the audience, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without your wig?"

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" asked a fond wife of her husband. "Give it up?" Then placing herself closer to him, and putting on one of her sweetest smiles, she said, "Because I am your other self, and you are now *beside yourself*."

The "Young Men's Debating Society," having dismissed the question "Where does fire go to when it goes out?" have got a new and more exciting one up, "When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn *up*, or does it burn *down?*" There is to be a *warm* debate on this question.

The Southern *Presbyterian* tells the following of two Charleston darkeys: "Our friend Hughes, whose beautiful establishment in Meeting Street does not permit the most hurried passer-by to escape without at least one pleased and grateful glance into its tasteful windows and orderly shelves, related a short time since the following illustrative anecdote:

"Immediately opposite the front door, and in full view from the street, is suspended a large colored map of Jerusalem and its environs—the city occupying the central and most conspicuous place in the picture. Two negro boys stopped to admire it, and, not suspecting that any one was in hearing, made their comments thus: 'Ben, what dat hanging up dere?' 'Why, Sam, you not know? Dat's the world!' 'Well, what dat den in de middle?' 'Why, boy, you not know dat nudder? Dat's CHARLESTON *shore!*'"

An editor and a young schoolmistress were engaged in a conversation the other day, when the following passed between them:

EDITOR. "Miss, when are you going to get married?"

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "Well, I don't know—the first chance I get."

EDITOR. "Well, as that's my intention, suppose we marry?"

SCHOOLMISTRESS. "Well, I don't know whether that would be a *chance* or not!"

A gray hair was espied among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours a few days ago. "Oh, pray pull it out!" she exclaimed. "If I pull it out ten will come to the funeral," replied the lady who had made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out nevertheless," said the dark-haired damsel; "it is no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral provided they all come in *black*."

A gentleman in a steamboat asked the man who came to collect the passage-money if there was any danger of being blown up as the steam made such a horrid noise. "Not the least," said the sharp collector, "unless you refuse to pay your fare."

Dr. Abell, of Kentucky, besides being an inveterate punster, cultivates a taste for the fine arts. The other day, as he was engaged in changing the position of a beautiful portrait of Washington, his son Russell, a boy of five years old, came trudging through the room with his bow and arrow, and seeing the old one, stopped and asked,

"Pa, is that a *cord* that holds up that picture?"

"No, my son, it's *tape*."

"Well, it had better be cord, 'cause, pa, it's a *strong likeness*, and it might break the tape."

The Doctor "caved," and young hopeful went out whistling "Pop goes the Weasel."

The memory of a good deed is a perpetual joy to us; and even the memory of a good dinner is not without satisfaction. Many an old man luxuriates still upon a rich repast devoured fifty years ago; and it can't give him the nightmare now.

COCKNEY CLASSICS.—"Jack," said Robins, "which varsity would you rayther go to, Hoxford or 'Idelberg?"

"Hoxford, Robins, to be sure, you muff," answered Jack. "Cos vy, I prefers hindustry to hidleness."

What tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts?—Willow (will owe).

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hoarseness, &c.

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